THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. IX. NO. 35. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BELFAST TOWN.

Miss Banim Says Farewell to Wicklow, and Visits the Capital of "the Black North."

A Very Busy and Prosperous Commercial City.

BELFAST.

From Glendalough, the ruined city of ages past that lies buried amidst the silent hills of Wicklow, it is a contrast to enter Belfast, the manufacturing metropolis of Ireland—a contrast perhaps the greatest the country can present. In the one, and for miles around, are beautiful rest and quiet; as if, having done their work well and faithfully, the former dwellers therein had laid down life calmly and peacefully, and were, amid their dismantled churches and buried homes, keeping one long Sabbath for the remainder of time, while the whole world around—the mountains, the valleys, the woods, and the waters—have ever about them the same beautiful look we all so well know—the Sabbath of the hills.

Though pleasantly situated in the midst of a charming country, Belfast, the city of today, asserts its activity, its life, long before we enter even the suburbs. As a local guide-book says, with the happiest appreciation of what the feelings should be of one who takes part in the life of a thoroughly commercial town: "the residences of manufacturers and merchants announce that the capital of Ulster, the great—and unfortunately the only great—manufacturing town in Ireland is close at hand. The forest of chimneys to be seen on approaching the town contrasts pleasantly with the quiet country just left behind." The chimneys have the advantage over nature in a true Belfastman's mind.

In Glendalough, if a visitor wishes to obtain a fair view of the entire valley and the holy city at one "coup d'oe'l," he must climb the mountain side; no one knows how long ago the winding stairs disappeared from withing the old grey round tower in the vale of the

SEVEN CHURCHES

But a comfortable lift, furnished with cushioned seats and attended by a liveried servant, brings one in a minute to the top of the brand new tower of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver's magnificent warehouses, and here, in the very heart of Belfast, we have a near and perfect view of the whole city. Not a street, not a building, not a great factory scarcely but can be seen, the hum is heard of those streets where no one seems to have anything to do with the past; all, young and old, are so hurried, so business like, so full of "going" to do a something important that to one accustomed to taking life a little as a thing to be enjoyed today they actually give the idea of a people unconscious of the present, except inasmuch as they can utilize it that they may be rich tomorrow. And there is the worry of too busy a place. Its inhabitants are never rich enough today—they are a trifle too hurried—too eager about tomorrow. I should myself prefer a somewhere and a some thing between Glendalough and Belfast; still, even to one who would like to have time enough to be happy today, the latter place has many and wonderful attractions, not the least of which are the situation, the surroundings, and the general aspect of the city itself.

The situation of Belfast, while perhaps rather low for healthfulness, is very beautiful, far beyond that of any manufacturing town I have seen in England. It is built in the valley of the river Lagan, which, flowing on to Lough Neagh, divides the counties of Down and Antrim, and which, with its wooded banks and sloping lawns, helps to render picturesque those suburbs through which it flows. Around three sides of the valley are chains of mountains and hills; the hills along the coast of county Down, the Mourne range behind, and, so near the city that their breath seems to blow down the very streets, are Divis Mountain and Cave Hill, the latter seeming actually no farther off than the end of any street or avenue that looks its way. And, more beautiful than all, is the

BELFAST LOUGH,

a long estuary whose blue waters, stretching between the counties of Antrim and Down as far as the eye can reach, leave no element of the picturesque wanting to the surroundings of the bustling town.

That town itself has a feature that marks it distinctly amongst the cities of this country—its newness. It is not necessary to tell any stranger that Belfast, the Belfast we see today, is a perfectly new town, almost every street and house of which has sprung up within such a comparatively recent time that all its fresh glory is upon it still. In this it has one great advantage over Dublin, an advantage that is peculiarly striking as the town is entered, and which cannot fail to make Southerners envy Belfast in this one great point. Coming into our ancient capital at no matter what side, one is forcibly struck by the vast number of once fine streets that, deserted by capricious fashion, yet too full of fine mansions to be pulled down, have gradually descended in the social scale until they have become the most unsightly of all places, the squalid tenements of the poor. Of these streets of old mansions and of wretched offshoots there are miles in and around Dublin; they are the saddest sights it can show, and so long as these crumbling, crowded tenements cannot be replaced by humble, but neat homes, suitable for and such as a workman and his wife can keep neat and clean, all beautiful, picturesque Dublin's back doors will continue to be miserable eyesores. But in Belfast none of this exists. There was no city of any size here one hundred years ago. Within the past century almost the entire place has been built; any old mansions that belonged to its earlier merchants and that now exist have been converted into well-ordered warehouses and factories, and are, for the most part, in the heart of the city. The streets built for the working population were built expressly for, and suitable to, them and their wants, and have only sprung up according to the demand, new and fresh, and such as working folk can easily command enough money to keep in order. The very system of taxation encourage the building of good houses for the working classes at moderate rents, as, for all houses below a certain valuation—and this includes all those of the humble classes—the rating is on a much lower scale than that of the dwellings of the wealthier citizens, and therefore the rent for the working man can be proportionately low. The very newness of all in and around Belfast has not a little to do with its general air of prosperity, and I strongly suspect that when they talk to the Southerners of the

"PROSPERITY OF THE NORTH"

its shrewd mercnants know well how to discount at its highest value that very look of wealth that modern buildings on every hand give their city. There is scarce a vestige of any building that has not been erected within the present century, for in 1795 Belfast consisted of only "some dozen streets, mostly composed of thatched houses," and its population numbered but 13 000 Its population is now in or about 240,000, while its handsome streets, squares, and suburbs extend over a considerable area, and this extension has been so recent that many a merchant who now takes his tramcar up Royal ave nue remembers flying his kite above the green meadows that were there when he was a boy.

Although a manufacturing town, there is nothing about Belfast of the ugliness that such an idea brings to the mind; no fog of smoke, no cloud of smuts hangs over its streets; unsightly warehouses do not assert themselves in the principal thoroughfares, but, on the contrary, these are wide and handsome; the shops are very fine; the public buildings so placed as to show to the best advantage; one is constantly getting a glimpse either of Cave Hill, which brings a thought of scenery (to say one who does not prefer chimneys), or of the trees that cluster around the Linen Hall; and, with its stir and bustle, there is a bright and pleasant air about all that makes Belfast a very handsome city, spick and span new. There is nothing in its aspect to connect this city of fine warehouses, shops, wide avenues, telephone wires, splendid line of tramcars and brilliantly lighted streets with even that time, not so far distant, of the dozen streets whose houses were mostly thatched, and for the lighting of whose highways and byways it was enacted—"To prevent the danger to which persons walking in the night about their lawful occupations are incident, every inhabitant in every street and lane of this corporation shall from henceforth in every year, from Sept. 29 to March 25, hang out of their respective doors or windows one lanthorn and candle, lighted, from the hour of 7 o'clock till 10 at night, when it it is not moonshine, upon pain of sixpence per night." Of those days there is scarcely a trace now but the old Linen Hall, erected in 1785, and even this, the prettiest spot in the town, is about to be swept away to make room for a fine civic hall.

It is a pity to pull down the building which, of all others, should be preserved by the merchants, if only as a link between the present and the early days of Belfast's prosperity—the very spot that saw so many fortunes begun and built up. It looks, somehow, too like that modern feeling we hear many complain of in these fast days—the forgetfulness of the young for the old, to whom they owe so much.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

IRELAND AND HER RESOURCES.

Mr. Parnell—I do not think as regards the condition of the congested districts that there is very much immediate necessity for dealing with the condition of the population there either by emigration or migration, as many people suppose, and before coming to the question of migration and the failure of the company with which I was connected, and which was alluded to by Sir Baldwin Leighton, I should like to say that I have a very strong opinion that the population which has been described as the congested population in the West of Ireland is really needed for the purposes of Ireland at home, and that it forms a most valuable laboring population.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly allow a priest of the western archdiocese to say a word in reference to one of Mr. Parnell's statements before the Select committee appointed to inquire into the above. The parish in which my lot is thrown is at once a congested and an uncongested one, and while the greater bulk of its population is crowded into the mountain district, we have in another portion of it 3,000 acres of the finest land in Connacht turned into a grass desert. Those lands were made green by the fathers of those who are now mountaineers. Many of the old generation still remain to point out the ruins of their once happy homes, and does Mr. Parnell mean to say that it is not a question of urgency to do the utmost that is in our power to reinstate those unfortunate people who in their present position are bound to remain paupers until the crack of doom? Are they to be huddled in poverty in the bogs of Ballyhaunis or Kiltimagh, among the rocks of Swinford, the hills of Parboy or Louisburg, so that they shall have to go till the fields of England, while we have here in the very heart of Mayo the great grass deserts of Lords Sligo and Lucan, of Sir Robert Bicose Lynch and others.

Why, sir, let any man travel by road from Castlebar to Tuam, via Hollymount and Foxhall, and he will see a green desert for miles around on every side simply appalling in its loveliness. I do not mean to touch on any point of Mr. Parnell's evidence other than this. Those ranches shall have to disappear. Let Mr. Parnell not mistake it, it is more urgent than he seems to be aware of. We who are daily among the people, we know it. So too would he if he could only spend a week in Mayo and witness the life or death struggle the poor people make to live in our bogs and mountains. What about the walls of sorrow that every day go up from our departing Irish exiles? Let the people speak for themselves. Now appears to be the time. Yours faithfully, A MAYO PRIEST.

O'CONNELL ON CONSPIRACY.

The following extracts from O'Connell's speech on the subject of the law of conspiracy is of special interest at the present juncture, when the conspiracy drag net is being spread by the Removables as it was never spread before in this or any other country. O'Connell was amazed and astonished at the use to which the law was put in his time. But he surely never dreamed of the modern extension, by which a compliment to a countrywoman is enough to constitute a man a conspirator, and make him responsible for a speech made in his absence a month before by a man he never saw:

"Oh, this is a curious invention—this sweeping conspiracy of the Attorney-General. It has been so powerfully put to you already that I shall not repeat it at any length, that there would be an end to every great movement for the amelioration of human institutions if you were to concede the Attorney General's conspiracy, which has neither been stated nor proved. It is a new invention, made at this side of the water. Some exceedingly sagacious person here first dreamed of it; and you were to be put, as it were, into a sleep with this incubus—this imaginary conspiracy—conspiracy resting on your consciences and minds. But why was it not sooner invented? There was the slave trade—would that ever have been abolished if the Attorney General's doctrine o' conspiracy had been enforced as law? Would it ever have been abolished if the judges of the King's Bench had given this doctrine of conspiracy the sanction of their authority? The advocates of the abolition of the slave trade had their public meetings; they had their monster meetings; they had their aggregate meetings; they had their private meetings; they published the guilt of the West India planters, and the cruelty of the slave owners; they made themselves bitter, unrelenting enemies by so doing; for it is astonishing how much malignity arises from that inherent, unhappy propensity in man for power and authority.

"Ah! gentlemen, do not presume to interfere between humanity and its resources. Do not venture to arrest the progress of any movement for the amelioration of the institutions of the country. Do not attempt to take away from your fellow subject the legitimate mode of effecting useful purposes by public meetings, public canvassing—speaking bold truths boldly and firmly. Shut not men up in dark corners—drive them not into concealment—send them not back into conspiracy, for then they would really conspire. In the name of Wilberforce and Clarkson I conjure you to dismiss from your box with honest and zealous indignation every attempt to prevent the millions from seeking peaceably and quietly to obtain an amelioration of existing institutions.

At the time of the agitation for Catholic Emancipation the most eminent lawyer of the period—and the attorney general will not think that I pay him no respect when I say he was his superior, certainly his equal. He was an eminent lawyer, and had a strong and perhaps conscientious antipathy to Catholic Emancipation. I do believe there was no more decided or honest opponent of that measure than Mr. Saurin. He thought the law was violated by that agitation. He prosecuted some of those engaged in it. He was defeated in one trial, and he succeeded in another. But would he ever dream—would he in the very wildness of imagination think of turning the efforts made for Catholic Emancipation into a conspiracy? I was prosecuted for words spoken. My friend on my left (Mr. Shiel) was prosecuted for words spoken. But the attorney-general never thought of violating the constitution by turning those efforts for emancipation into a conspiracy.

Gentlemen, at this moment a very serious question is in agitation in England—the Corn Law League. I care not what your opinions are with regard to that question—I mean no disrespect—they say the object of that league is to obtain cheap bread for the poor, and an increased market for labor. I do not mean to argue the point with you; we have enough of our own. They have held many meetings, they have used the boldest language, and the Rev. Mr. Fisher has accused them of inciting to assassination and incendiarism. We are free from that accusation; we are free from the slightest imputation; and is this case to be sent over to England to put down that glorious struggle? and is the attempt to give cheap bread to the poor to be turned into a conspiracy? Oh, no, gentlemen, no! The English are safe in the glorious integrity of their jury-box; there won't be a single man sworn to try them who differs with them in opinion—there won't be a juryman sworn who even differed with violence upon any principle with the traversers. No; the Englishmen are safe—I was wrong in saying they were in danger—the Englishmen are safe in the protection of their jury-box—and do you, gentlemen, protect us as the English protect them. Indeed, it is manifest, if the attorney-general triumphs in this case, no great grievance can be redressed.—*United Ireland.*

The system is rendered malaria proof when the blood is kept pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. At this season, all should have this admirable preparation at hand. Malarial poison is harmless when Ayer's Sarsaparilla is used.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Events of Interest to the Church in Ireland—Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman.

Local Catholic Items.

FROM IRELAND.

The annual sermon in aid of the sick and poor visited by the Sisters of Mercy, Sligo, was preached in the Cathedral on Aug. 17th by the Very Rev. Denis A. Tighe, Pastor, Holy Angels, Chicago. Father Tighe is a cousin of Alderman Tighe, J.P., Sligo.

On Sunday, Aug. 31, three new stained glass windows erected over the high altar of the parish church, Ballyragget, county Kilkenny, were unveiled. These beautiful windows, representing the Crucifixion, with St. Patrick on the right and St. Finian on the left, are the production of the famous establishment of Mayer of Munich, and were presented to the parish by Joseph F. Cullenan, M.D., Dublin, to serve as a memorial for his family and ancestors, who were connected with Ballyragget for a very long period. The High Mass, *Coram Pontifice*, the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, presiding, was celebrated by the Rev. M. Keoghan, P.P., Lisdowney; Deacon, Rev. J Downey, C.C., Ballycuskill; Sub Deacon, Rev. Father O'Toole, Professor, Blackrock College; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. M'Grath, P.P., Ballyragget. Canon Keoghan, P.P., delivered a very impressive sermon, after which there was a procession through Chapel avenue and around the "Square."

The Bishop of Galway recently confirmed 400 children in Kilronan in the Arran islands. His Lordship took occasion to express his unbounded pleasure at the evidence of piety manifested by the simple minded Arraners, whose devotion to their faith gained for them in primitive days the glorious title of "Arran na noomh." There are at present in the three islands nine fine schools, six of which have been built by Rev. Father O'Donoghue; and that the zealous pastor has not overlooked the comforts of his teaching staff, he has recently built and furnished five teachers' residences which should be a credit to the most fashionable locality in Ireland.

At Mass, in Macroom, the Rev. Father Moore referred to the vitriol outrage on the young girl, Margaret O'Sullivan. He condemned, in forcible terms, the perpetrators of the atrocious crime, who brought disgrace on the town of Macroom. Father O'Connell, at the second Mass, also alluded to the crime, and said that the perpetrators of it were worse than murderers, inasmuch as if the girl even survived her injuries her life would be one of affliction. He warned the congregation to shun evil society and associations. Miss O'Sullivan's condition is very changeable. The condition of her family is piteous. She was their only support.

Father Matt Kenny, P.P., Scariff, writes in reference to a reported "moonlighting outrage" near Scariff: "Thanks to Providence the outrage has not occurred in Scariff parish nor in any of the parishes conterminous with Scariff."

The second of the summer conferences of the Catholic clergy of the Deanery of Maghera and Dungiven, in the diocese of Derry, were held in Dungiven, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty presiding.

The Claregalway Bazaar took place on the 19th and 20 h inst. at the Royal Hotel, Galway. Father Commins is raising funds for the improvements being carried out in the church, Claregalway.

The entertainment at the annual exhibition in the Convent of Mercy, Athy, included the French play, "Le Testament," in which the following young ladies took part: Misses Julia O'Brien, Mary Reid, Mary Teresa Orford, Josephine O'Brien, and Julia Bradley. The prizes were distributed by the Rev. James Doyle, P.P. The Rev. J. Staples also addressed the pupils.

The panegyric of St. Dominic was preached at the Dominican Church, Athy, by the Rev. R. B. Cranfield, O.P., Newry. Father Cranfield whilst yet a student gave great promise as a preacher, attracting the attention of his superiors, amongst whom was the great Father Burke.

A most successful retreat has just been brought to a termination at Douglas, county Cork. It was conducted by the Rev. T. Sweeney, Cork. Under the direction of the Very Rev. Canon Murray, P.P., the Sodality of the Sacred Heart and the League of the Cross have been revived, and large numbers enrolled.

The Augustinian Fathers, with the permission of Most Rev. Dr. Browne, will open a high class day school in New Ross, on September 1st.

The Limerick *Reporter* contains the following statement of the true facts in connection with the alleged miraculous cure at St. Patrick's Well: It would appear that Willie Byrne, 14 years of age, son of a respected citizen, owing to an accident received ten months ago, had been unable to put his leg under him during that time, and that when returning from Mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Crescent, last Sunday week, he was inspired by faith to visit St. Patrick's Well. He visited the holy well on the following Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On each occasion he said the Rosary, and knelt on the spot on which is to be seen the print of St Patrick's knees, and found himself getting stronger at each visit. On the last occasion of his visiting the well, he told his mother and his elder sister that he would come home cured, which was verified when he left his crutch at the well.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Reminiscences of an "Old Oratorian."

One who was a pupil at the Oratory furnishes the following recollections of his associations with the Cardinal: I have heard of the Cardinal's death with a feeling akin to that which would be produced by hearing of the death of a near relative or dear friend. When I was a pupil at the Oratory every boy in the school looked up to the Father (as he was reverentially called) with that affection which a child has for its parent, and the Father was ever kind and tender to us. No matter how pressing or how numerous were his other calls he always managed to find time to inquire after the boys, and no complaint of theirs was considered too trivial to be attended to. The Father was always most anxious that the boys should be comfortable, and his policy ever was to allow the pupils as much freedom as possible. He did not approve of enforcing a too strict discipline in the school. He had a firm belief in the efficacy of the monitorial system The Father used to every month examine the classes himself to see what progress they were making. This practice he kept up until a short time before he was created Cardinal. Though he was not engaged in giving regular instruction the Father frequently took boys to himself, instructed them in special subjects, and always with success Though not an athlete himself, he loved to promote athletic sports and games of all sorts among the boys, and he would often mix with them and interest them by telling them amusing anecdotes. In 1865 he established the Latin play which is given at the Oratory by the pupils every year since. He revised the text and prepared it for presentation, and he invariably superintended the rehearsals. A very marked feature of his character was his unvarying kindness to and affection for the old boys, and whenever any of them in after life visited the Oratory he was accessible to them when it was not easy for more distinguished personages to see him. An Old Oratorian Society was formed in the year 1876 and since then the Father invited the old boys every year to the Oratory for two or three days, where they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Father was a great musician, his favorite instrument being the violin. He used to take part in quartettes with the boys, and this practice led a great number of others to learn music. The Cardinal was very simple in his manner and habits, and what was very remarkable was that he was singularly observant of the rules of the house—as much so as the most junior member of the community. When he was raised to the dignity of the Cardinalate he liked people to still call him Father, and he, outwardly at least, took no pride in his new dignity. He continued to wear his old black cassock instead of a Cardinal's robes, so humble was his spirit. The Cardinal and Mr. Gladstone were great friends. When Mr. Chamberlain was mayor of Birmingham Mr. Gladstone attended a public demonstration in the town, and the ex premier, finding himself in the neighborhood of the residence of his old friend, went, accompanied by Mr. Chamberlain, to the Oratory to see the Cardinal. The interview was very cordial, and the two great men conversed with each other for a considerable time. Mr. Chamberlain was present, and was content merely to listen to the conversation. Mr. Gladstone paid a subsequent visit to Birmingham—within the past two or three years—and he desired to pay another visit to his friend, the Cardinal. He was, however, unable to see him, but upon inquiry he learned that his Eminence was greatly troubled by his defective eye-sight. Mr. Gladstone sent him a reading-lamp, with a kindly note, in which he said that that (meaning the lamp) was a contrivance which he himself found very useful whenever his sight troubled him. The Cardinal's rather sudden death has given a great shock to the old Oratorians, for when they saw him last month at the Oratory he looked stronger than he did a year ago. He was in the school-room during the Latin play, and spoke to the Duke of Norfolk about the improvement which has taken place in the performance of late years as compared with what it was when it was first established. He distributed the prizes to boys, and took a lively interest in all that went on. Though he has long been declining in physical strength, his mental powers suffered no deterioration whatever. By his death a great man has fallen, and all England will lament his loss.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father Griffin, of the Annunciation parish, is about recovered from his recent illness.

During the coming year one of the pastors of the Cathedral will have charge of the boys' school on Sedgwick street.

The new Bohemian cemetery on the North Side will be solemnly blessed by the Archbishop Sunday afternoon, September 7th.

There will be divine service in the new church at Pullman next Sunday for the first time. The Rev. Father Tinan is the pastor.

The ladies of St. Catherine's Church, in Austin, are making preparations for an entertainment in aid of the church about September 18th.

The sacrament of confirmation will be administered to a number of children and adults in St. Peter's Church the first Sunday in September.

All the galvanized iron work on the Cathedral will be replaced with stone, so that there will be nothing but stone work on the outside of the building.

Bald heads are too many when they may be covered with a luxuriant growth of hair by using the best of all restorers, Hall's Hair Renewer.

GAELIC ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

A meeting of the Limerick county board was held on the 11th inst., Mr. Thomas O'Gorman presiding. The others present were: J. Crowe, P. O'Brien, J Sheehy and M. Treby. The first business taken was the reinstating of Mr. J. Guinea as an athlete, he having given a guarantee that on no account would he again compete at illegal sports.

The secretary was instructed to inform the Central Council and Amateur Association of his suspension being canceled.

It was decided that the money received at the Market's Field recently be handed to the railway strike fund, as there was no means of knowing who the proper parties were to have the monies returned to. Tipperary teams not coming, and only notifying same a short time ago, when all expenses for the carrying out of the matches had been gone to by the county board, nothing but failure could be expected. However, only for the weather, the Ennis teams would have played two friendly matches with champion teams of Limerick. The Clare men got a walk over against Tipperary. The secretary was ordered to write to the secretary of the Tipperary county board, as to the cause of disappointment. The board wishes to thank Mr. J. F. Power, one of the Market trustees, who so kindly had the jumps which were left erected in the field removed at the expense of the Horse Show committee, though such were supposed to be left there, except taken away and put up again at the expense of the party taking the field. The members of St. Patrick's club deserved the best thanks of the board for the voluntary manner in which they attended to keep order, in case the matches took place.

After some other business the meeting adjourned.

The final tie for the county Waterford football championship was played in Dungarvan, the teams being Kinsalebeg vs. Dungarvan, and resulted in a victory for the former by two goals and nine points to one point.

The final tie for the championship of Clare was played between the Dalcassian (Ennis) Football club and Coore at Slaven. Mr. James Hayes, Ennis, acted as field umpire; Mr. Patrick Queally, of Connolly, as referee; Mr. Thomas Casey, as goal umpire for the former club; and Mr. McCarthy in a like capacity for Coore. The match resulted in a win for the Dalcassians, who scored a goal and three points to their opponents' three points.

A football championship was held in Carlow for the purpose of aiding the movement in connection with the "Ninety Eight Memorial" in Carlow-Graigue. Financially the tournament was a success, but otherwise it was not. The Arleen brass band was in attendance.

At the Donoughmore tournament the Glanmire footballers were entirely overmatched by the Clondrohid team, who played in far better form than they displayed during the progress of the championship. A match was played between the second Clondrohid team and the Donoughmore seconds later in the evening, the former winning by four points to two.

Football in Chicago.

On Sunday, Aug. 31, the postponed game between the Robert Emmet and Inniafail clubs will be played at Wanderers' Park, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue. This match is bound to be an exciting one, as both clubs, which are first-class ones, are determined to win. There will also be a tug of war, 100 yards race, putting 14 pound weight, slinging 56 pound weight, running hop, step and jump, running long jump.

The Late John Boyle O'Reilly.

At a meeting of the Irish American club of Seattle, Wash., Aug. 14, 1890, the following resolutions were adopted:

First—That the club has learned with profound sorrow of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly.

Second—That in his death the Irish race throughout the world suffers the loss of one who was a lofty and self sacrificing patriot; whose tongue and pen had mightily contributed to the dissemination of the truth concerning the ancient glories of Ireland, the unparalleled sufferings she had endured, and the elements of power and nobleness which she still possesses for the maintenance of an independent government; and whose life was an example of the finest manly virtues.

Third—That his career as a patriot, poet and publicist has shed lustre on his people and reflected everlasting dishonor upon the tyrannical government which treated, branded and banished him as a felon.

Fourth—That the Irish cause in America has lost a true, steadfast and most influential advocate.

Fifth—That American literature is by his death deprived of one of its brightest ornaments.

Sixth—That the members of this club feel his death as a personal loss to each of them and will ever cherish the memory of his recent visit to our city and his interest in our prosperity.

Seventh—That we respectfully tender to the bereaved widow and orphans of the dead patriot the assurance of our heartiest sympathy in their overpowering grief.

Eighth—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. O'Reilly, and that copies be transmitted for publication to the Boston *Pilot*, the *Irish American*, and *Irish World* of New York, THE CITIZEN of Chicago and the *Nation*, *Freemans' Journal* and *United Ireland* of Dublin, and the daily papers of Seattle.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"I think it would be better not to tell he day," said the old knitter hesitatingly, but as there's nobody here now or in the place that belongs to the story it can't do much harm, even if it don't do good. You all heard of the Morrisses of Knock Grove? There's none of 'em there this many a day, but time was when there wasn't a finer place nor a braver family in Dublin county. It's better nor twenty years—it may be twenty-three—since Rose Morris was here on a visit just as Kate Howard is now, an' for all the world of a Holly Eve night. You'd travel a long way before you could meet a sweeter or a pleasanter girl than she was; and her merry laugh is as fresh in my ears this minute as it was that night—though she is under the clay in Kilbarron graveyard this many a year. Well, nothing would do herself and your aunt—she's dead and gone, too, poor girl!—that night, but to ry the trick you were talking of just now; an' so they hung out the threads of flax with gloves at the end from the drawing room window to see who would come o take them—for whoever did would be their luck. I knew well Rose expected your father's hand, for he was not married then, would be the one to take hers. So they hung them out, and watched and watched, but no one came to take them. After waiting for an hour or two they drew them up quite disappointed, but *agra machree!* their disappointment gave way to fright, when, although they had not seen anyone, nor heard a step near the place, they found Rose's glove gone—gone!"

A chill of fear grew over Helen's susceptible heart, the roses fled from her cheek and she nestled herself still closer to the more composed and less timid form of her cousin.

"*Gone*, my dear. There was no sign of the glove, though they were quite sure there had been no one there. The poor things were terribly frightened; but there was worse in store for them, for when they sat here, just as we do now, all trembling and shuddering, telling what had happened, who opened the door but a sailor dripping with wet—every stitch on him dripping with wet—a rough, bearded man, with the remains of an old cut upon his temple, that showed itself by a long white scar that was terrible to see! He seemed the ghost of a drowned man arisen from the deep; and in a jabbering tongue, that no one could understand, he spoke to us. I'll never forget to my dying hour the fright that kem over us when we saw him enter. We thought it was the Ould Boy that had come among us. And the cry still rings in my ears that poor Rose gave, afore she fainted, when he held up in his hand—two of the fingers of which were cut off—a hand that was black and fearful to look upon, her glove!"

An uncomfortable feeling crept over the group assembled, and each one turned his or her eyes around as if fearful of the unexpected presence of some one in the apartment. More especially was this the case with Helen, whose gentle heart was more readily impressible. But it quickly subsided as Katie Howard, passing her arms around her neck, drew her over to her own chair.

"Her glove, my dear. An' though every one looked upon it as a mere chance, I knew better my dear, an' I knew that *he* was her luck. It is not all tricks that are played on Holly Eve night—and so Rose found it."

The old woman paused, as if her mind flew back to the dead and buried past, and as if she forgot that there were anxious hearers listening.

"Well, Cauth, and what else? Who was he, anyway? Where did he come from?" asked Luke Mahon, a young fellow in the opposite angle of the fire place.

"Where did he come from?" reiterated Cauth, as if awakening from her reverie. "He came from the sea, my dear. His vessel was wrecked in a storm out in the bay—it was a night just as wild and stormy as this—and of all the poor souls aboard, he was the only one that reached the shore. The rest went down wid the ship into the deep, deep sea—cannon, and powder, and guns, and muskets an' all; for it was a Frencn man-o'-war, an' he was her captain."

"A Frenchman?"

"A Frenchman. That was why we could not understand what he said."

"Well, an' what happened? What became of him?" asked Luke again, as once more Cauth dropped the threads of her story, and knitted more rapidly those of the stocking now fast hastening to its conclusion.

"Ah! what happened him?" again reiterated the old housekeeper. "We had too much to do wid the fright he threw us all into, and the faint poor Rose fell into, to take heed of him: but when the poor girl was carried up into the parlor, and after some time recovered herself a little, we came back here only to find him lying senseless on the settle yonder. We were all sorry for neglecting him so long; they poured burnt brandy into his mouth and recovered him a little—but he was in brain fever, my dear, an' it was many a week before he recovered and was able to tell who he was and what had happened him. I don't know how it was, but poor Rose was so sorry for him, and compassionated him so much, that she forgot the fright he had given her, and nursed him all through his long illness."

"He recovered, Cauth?"

"He did my dear. He recovered, sure enough, an' you'd be surprised to see what a brave, handsome fellow he turned out to be when he did. You'd never think it was the same dreadful looking, half-drowned, fainting creature that kem into the kitchen that Holly Eve night, frightening us all with his terrible appearance. Such a pleasant, gay fellow as he turned out to be—an' so handsome, only for that ugly cut across his temples, and the two fingers that were gone from his hand. An', my dear, so polite, an' so winning that when he got to speak our language—an' it wasn't long till he did—he'd coax the birds off the bushes."

"And Rose, Cauth?"

"Ah, my poor Rose! She fell in love with him—he was her luck, as I knew he would be from the minit I saw him, though no one else thought it—an' they wor married. He must have been a high up man in his own country; for when he was able to go into the city and write to France he had money galore. But he never said much about it."

"Did they live happily, Grannie?" asked Kate Howard, for the first time breaking into the conversation with a question.

"They did, my, dear. An' a finer or a handsomer couple you wouldn't see driving in Grafton street—he with his tall figure and dark, handsome face, save where it was disfigured; an' she the picture of loveliness—for she was a dear, sweet girl—sitting beside him. But it wasn't to last long, my dear; for one day there came a messenger from abroad with a letter, or something like that, for him—an' next day he was off, promising to be back with herself an' her little boy an' girl in the course of a few months; but he never came back, my dear—he never came back!"

"Never, Grannie?"

"No, never! There was no word of him ever after—neither tale nor tidings—an' that's twenty long years ago now. Some said he was tried an' shot for the loss of his vessel; some said he was put in jail for not returning to France—but who'd have the heart to do that, my dears, when they knew that there wor soft white arms around him here, stronger to bind him to Ireland nor the biggest cables on board the biggest man-o'-war in France?—an' some said he was made commander of a great fleet an' was killed in a sea fight. Anyway, he never came back."

"And what became of Rose and her children?" asked Helen, the unaccustomed tears welling into her eyes.

"Ah, me, it was so pitiful! Week after week she watched for his coming, but he never came. Month after month she used to stay up at night waiting to hear his knock at the door or the wheels of his carriage grating on the sand but he never came. Then the war broke out an' there was no chance. The look of handsomeness left her face, and the merry brightness from her eyes, an' she faded and withered away. Two years after he left—an' on a Holly Eve night, too—her sweet face lay white enough and her fretting heart calm enough—for she was dead, dead, her troubles were over for ever. Poor girl!"

There was a pause of some duration as the old woman drew her shawl over her head, bent her face downwards to the firelight, and pursued her knitting. There were few of the group assembled unaffected; but the tears, unhidden, trickled down Helen's cheeks, while Miss Howard's eyes looked dim as the firelight fell upon them.

Brushing the tears away after a little while, the latter asked:

"And what of the children, Grannie?"

"When his mother died, the little fellow was sent to school to England. A blithe, merry boy he was, with his father's pleasant, frank ways, and his mother's bright blue eyes. He used to come here during the holidays. You might remember him, Helen asthore; but you were too young then, an' so many used to come back and forward that——"

"——I think I do," said Helen quietly. "It's like a dream to me when I was a child to remember a little boy coming here at Christmas times."

"That was he, my dear. It would be hard to forget him; for a more lovable, frank, engaging boy you could hardly set eyes upon. Your father—Lord rest his soul!—was fonder of him, I think, than he was of either yourself or Redmond. It was the pleasant times we used to have when he came here. But the time came when he didn't come. Ah, me! it was the sorrowful house that was here when we heard it."

"What happened him, Grannie?"

"No one knows—no one ever knew—except God. He disappeared from the school one day, on' nor tale nor tidings ever kem of him afterwards. Search was made for him high and low, but he never turned up. Your father went across to England and made search for him everywhere; but he could get no tidings of him. The old luck, my dear—the old luck that kem with the drowning sailor and the glove three-and-twenty years ago!"

"And what became of the girl?" asked Helen Barrington.

"The girl was a delicate child always, and, your father having a cousin an abbess in a convent in the South of France, he took her there after her brother's disappearance. And she remained there since—only once, about twelve months ago, when she came on a visit, as you will remember, Helen."

"You don't mean Alice Trainan, Grannie?" said Helen with astonishment.

"I do, indeed, my dear; she was daughter of the stranger and poor Rose, and sister to the little boy."

"Why, I never heard that before, Grannie," said Helen in great surprise. "I thought Helen was a cousin of ours."

"Your father, having taken the child under his care, and seeing the name she bore so unlucky, resolved on giving her an assumed name. And it was under that name she was always known both at the convent and amongst us here. But her real name was Alice Lefebre. Lefebre was her father's name, though your father often thought and said that, too was only an assumed one."

"Well, Grannie, you astonish me. I never thought but that Alice was our cousin."

"So she was for her mother was a distrnt cousin."

"Really, Grannie, that surprises me. How little I knew of her history when she was here! What a dear, sweet girl she was? How we used to make her blush at the attentions Trevor Mortimer paid her! And how sorry we were when she went away! Is it not odd we have have not heard from her for the past few months? And so she was sister to that little boy."

"Poor child!" said Kate Howard. "What was thought to have happened him, Grannie?"

"The ill-fortune, my dear—the ill-fortune that comes of tempting the future, that comes of Holly Eve tricks. Some said he was drowned; some said he was stolen away to France; others said other things; but I knew, aroon, that it was the luck—the ill luck. It swept in upon us with the storm and the rain that night long ago, when the door opened and the strange man kem in. That's the raison why, my dear, I'd never like my ould eyes to see any girl calling up her luck, good or bad, from the future, until God chooses to send it."

A pang of dread and remorse passed simultaneously through the hearts of the two girls; for just before coming from the drawing-room they had, from the window overlooking the orchard, passed down two threrds of woven flax, with a glove attached to each; and the story the house keeper had just told them had therefore startled them not a little. They would, moreover, have gone and withdrawn them immediately, but that the eerie feeling that pervaded, without exception, the company around the fire, as the result of the story they had heard, made them unwilling to face the corridors they would have to pass through on their way.

"Anyhow," thought Kate Howard with a sense of relief, "it can come to no harm even if they *are* taken. There is no one to take them but Redmond and Trevor Mortimer, for no one else can come that path; they alone have the key of the orchard."

With this consoling reflection, she gently managed to turn the conversation into cheerier channels, and in a short time the sad thoughts, that filled all present, were banished. It is not easy to retain sorrow in youthful hearts nor gloom on young faces; and under the influence of the blazing fire, and the bright firelight, the laugh soon went round as if such things as sorrow and trouble had no existence.

The wall of the orchard touched the center of the house at right angles, and about a yard from the latter a small wicket gate opened into it, while at the further end of the garden a corresponding one gave egress to the meadow or shrubby land that sloped to the shore.

It was in the days of long ago, when the discoveries of the present times were undreamed of, and when no prophet had ever foretold that a machine running without horses, and with speed as that of the wind, would whire hundreds of passengers along from Dublin to Old Dunleary. So it was that naught but meadow or whin covered lands lay between the mansion and the sea.

A hearty burst of laughter, on the part of the company assembled, at some passing joke, was interrupted by the noise of the closing of the afore mentioned wicket door; a step was heard; and immediately after a hand was laid on the latch.

"It is Redmond and Trever Mortimer," thought Helen Barrington with a quick palpitation of the heart, for, in spite of her efforts at a repentant state of mind, she yet furtively hoped that the latter would pluck her glove from its pendent flaxen thread. But she was doomed to be disappointed, as a tall handsome fellow of two and twenty or thereabouts entered, with a pleasant smile on his face, and advanced towards the group bearing a glove in his hand! About five feet ten in height, broad shouldered, with the healthy hue on his face which plenty of outdoor exercise gives, he advanced with lithe step towards the gathered in front of the huge fire.

"Well, young ladies," said he pleasantly, holding up the glove in his hand, "I found this suspended from your window as I came along. Whose is it? Of what lady fair and gay am I to be the chosen knight?"

"That's yours Kate," said Helen to a gratified whisper. As Redmond had taken hers, the inevitable result that Trevor Mortimer should take her own, and the thought came with a throb of pleasurable anticipation at her heart.

"Whose is it ladies?" jocularly asked the young fellow again, as the two girls, half ashmed of the old housekeeper and of the manner in which they had sinned against the moral of her story, blushed and remained silent.

"Where did you leave Sir Trevor?" dexterously queried Miss Howard, to distract attention from the embarrassing question.

"Well, if you won't tell—as I see you won't—I must retain the precious souvenir to happier and more communicative times," Redmond Barrington with a sly laugh, as he placed the glove in his pocket. "Trevor? Well, I left Trevor behind me for a few minutes; he will be here presently. Meanwhile," said he, as he drew a chair over in front of the roaring fire and besies the two girls, it must have been something very pleasant that caused that laugh that I heard as I opened the gate. Let me participate in the pleasure of the night. Go on with the story. Who was telling it?"

"Luke was telling it; and a very droll story it was," said Helen.

"Well, Luke, go on with it. Don't let me interrupt you."

"Sorra word ov id I remember now, Masther Redmond," said Luke. "Your comin' in dhruv it altogether out of my head. I'd have to begin it all over again."

"Well, supposing you do?" said Redmond.

"I object," said his sister. "A story told twice the same night loses all its captivation. You are very selfish, Redmond, to ask such a thing."

"Well, my dear," said Redmond gayly, "I am agreeable to anything; and as I have been the unwitting agent in spoiling your story, perhaps I may make up for it by coaxing Kate into singing one of her exquisite songs."

"If you will hand back that glove," said Kate, with a quiet smile, and a very bright look in her eye as she glanced towards him, "perhaps I might."

"It was yours, then?" he asked quickly.

"I did not say it was," she replied with ready wit; "but, whoever owns it, I make it the condition of my singing that you give it me."

"He is a bad paymaster, my dear Miss Howard, who pays beforehand; so I shall only give when the song is ended."

"But you promise it then?"

"Well, yes—conditionally."

"Conditionally?"

"Yes; if I like the song. Not the singing, Kate—because you sing always exquisitely—but the song—the words and air of the song. That's the bargain. Will you have it?"

"Yes; agreed."

"Well, now, select your best."

The young girl smiled; looked thoughtfully into the bright flame of the logs for a moment; and, turning her eyes on him with a look in which drollery and pleasure and affection were all combined, sang. The song was an ancient Irish melody. Her voice was rich, sweet, and musical; and the plaintiveness of the air sank deep into the hearts of the rapt audience.

She had scarcely concluded the song—rendered with a grace and sweetness exquisitely telling—when, just as the plaudits of the little group were about to be warmly given, the wicket gate was heard again to open, and a hand was again laid, after a short interval on the latch.

"Trevor," said Redmond, shortly.

"*Your* glove, my dear," whispered the songstress into the ear of Helen Barrington, who was sitting on the same chair with her, one arm encircling her waist. An answering pressure of her hand intimated at once the young girl's assent and her delight that it was so.

The door opened as the latch was raised, and the newcomer entered.

"You did not delay long after me, Trever—what!—Who is this?"

Redmond Barrington had spoken first without looking around; but when he did turn to see his friend an exclamation of surprise broke from him.

Helen had arisen to make room for the welcome wanderer; but as the exclamation from her brother caused her to look around in the direction, she stood stock still for a moment, and then, with a cry that might have been the cry of the echo of the cry of the dead and buried girl of twenty-three years ago—in which fear, surprise, mortal terror were all combined, and which made the blood run back on the hearts of the group assembled—fell senseless into the arms of her brother!

For—standing a few steps inside the door was a stranger, a gash over his temple, the white cicatrice there showing distinctly where it had healed; and in his upraised hand he held a glove—her glove!

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

GAELIC POETRY.

Bean na d-tre m-bo.

I

Go réidh, a bhean na d-trí m-bó
As do bholacht na bí teann;
Do chonnaire misi gan ghó.
Bean a's ba da mó, a bhean!

II

Ní mhaireann saidhbhreas do ghnáth,
Do neach ná tabhair táir go mór,
Chúghat an t-eug air gach taobh,
Go réidh, a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

III

Sliocht Eoghain m'óir 'san Múmhain
An-imtheacht do ghuil clú dhóibh'
A' seolta gur leigeadar sios,
Go réidh, a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

IV

Clann ghaisce Tighearma an Chláir
An-imtheacht-san, ba lá leoin,
A's gan stiúrse n-a d-teacht go bráth
Go réidh a bhean na d-tré m-bó!

V

Dómhnall ó Dún-buidhe na long
O' Súilleb! áin tá 'r theith o 'n ngleó,
Feuch gur thuit 'san Spáinn re claidheamh.
Go réidh, a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

VI

O'Ruairc' a's Maguidhir do bhí
Lá i n-Eirin na lán beoil,
Feuch féin gur imthigh an dís;
Go réidh a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

VII

Síol Chearbhaill do bhí teann
Le m-beirtbí gach geall a ngléo,
Ní mhaireann aon díobh, mo dhith;
Go réidh, a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

VIII

O aon bhinn amhain do bhreis,
Air mhnaoi eile, a's sí a dó
Do rinnis-se iomarcaidh a réir;
Go réid a bhean na d-trí m-bó!

IX

Bídheadh air m'thalluing, a ainfhir is uibhreach gnáis
Do bhídheas gan dearmad seasmhach buan 'sa tnúth
Tríd an rachmus do ghlacais red, bhuaibh air d-tús;
Dá bu-faghainn-sí sealbh a ceathair do bhualfinn tu.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

COFFEY—July 31, at her residence, Mill street, Ennis, Mary Coffey, relict of the late Thomas Coffey, aged 66 years.

COLE—At 48 Mount street, Mullingar, Mrs. Mary Cole, relict of John Cole.

CULL—Aug. 1, at Stillorgan, Bernard Gallagher, eldest son of the late James and Catherine Cull, Mohill.

MASTERSON—July 30, at Ballymacrossin, Geashill, King's County, Anne, widow of the late Simon Masterson, formerly of Allenstown, Navan, county Meath.

COONEY—July 30, at residence, Strand road, Drogheda, Eliza, wife of James Cooney, retired chief officer H. M.'s Coast Guards.

MANN—July 29, at the Woodside Hotel, Rostrevor, Jeannie, daughter of the late James Henry Mann, Armagh.

HARPUR—July 31, at Summerhill, Neenagh, Patrick Harpur, aged 66 years.

DWYER—July 29, at Knockalton, Timothy Dwyer, aged 28 years.

FOLEY—Aug 1, at Londonderry, Annie, wife of S. M. Galwey Foley, R. I. C.

CAROLAN—Aug. 7, at his residence, North Star hotel, Amiens street, Dublin, James Carolan, aged 75 years.

DONNELLY—Aug. 6, at her parents' residence, No. 5 Lower Sackville street, Dublin, Josephine Mary, daughter of Maryanne and Jerome Donnelly, aged 11 months.

KELLY—Aug. 6, at his residence, Monasterevan, Simon Kelly, deeply and sincerely regretted.

MCKEON—Aug. 7, at No. 14 South Cumberland street, Dublin, Mary Ann, dearly loved daughter of James and Mary Ann McKeon.

MASON—Aug. 7, at Gormanstown, county Tipperary, Patrick Mason, H. M. Customs, Glasgow, son of the late Stephen John Mason.

SHEEHY—Aug. 6, at his residence, Toomdela, Askeaton, Edmond Sheehy, after a long and tedious illness.

WILKINSON—Aug. 7, at Kilcarty, Kilmessan, Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson, relict of the late Richard Wilkinson, aged 82 years.

COSTELLOE—July 31, at No. 10 Summerhill South Cork, Agnes, the eldest surviving daughter of John Costelloe.

CRONIN—At her residence, No 79 Great Britain street, Cork, Anne, dearly beloved wife of Jeremiah Cronin. Deeply regretted.

HOLDEN—At his mother's residence, No. 3 Pembroke street, Cork, Patrick Joseph, the dearly beloved son of the late Edward Holden, aged 19 years.

KELLY—July 31, at Bantry, Nellie, the dearly beloved wife of Surgeon R Eelly, M. D., medical [illegible] and only daughter of the late M. [illegible]n, Bantry.

CURTAN—At Uitenhage, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, fortified by the rites of the Holy Catholic Church, John Joseph, eldest and beloved son of Joseph Curtan, Esq., No. 18 Charleston road, Rathmines, deeply regretted.

FERGUSON—Aug 6, at the Convent of Mercy, Templemore, Maryanne, youngest daughter of the late Christopher Ferguson, of Harcourt row.

JOHNSTON—Aug 2, at the residence of his grandmother, Tullyallen, Drogheda, James Resy, the second son of William and Jane Johnston, aged 5½ years

JOYCE—Aug. 4, at The Islands, Urlingford, county Kilkenny, Keyran Joyce, Esq., P. L. G., aged 75 years.

KEATING—On the 31 inst., at Rushbrook, Queenstown, John Keating, principal teacher Cove National school, accidentally drowned while bathing.

O'NEILL—At his residence, Ballinoe, Upper Glanmire, Patrick O'Neill, aged 63 years.

BRADY—Aug. 7, at her residence, Killmanten Hill, Wicklow, Margaret, wife of John Brady, and daughter of the late Joseph Byrne, aged 27 years.

MALONE—Aug. 8, at Yeomanstown, Naas, James Malone.

MORDAUNT—Aug. 7, at his residence, Beech, Hill House, Grand Canal street, Dublin, Ralph Mordaunt, aged 83 years; native of Graignenamanagh, county Kilkenny.

O'CONNOR—Aug. 8, at No. Rosevill, Merrion, Kathleen Mary O'Connor, youngest daughter of Charles and Mary O'Connor, aged 10 years and 4 months.

RING—Aug. 8, John Ring, Castlecomer, in the 11th year of his age.

SINCLAIR—Aug. 6, at his residence, No 63 Lombard street, West, Dublin, James Sinclair, aged 27 years, the last surviving son of the late Mr. John Sinclair.

FLANAGAN—Aug. 8, at his residence, Kelly's Lane, Drogheda, Matthew Flanagan.

GOODWIN—Aug. 2, at Lesmahon, Batterstown, county Meath, Thomas Goodwin, aged 81 years.

MAGUIRE—Aug. 1, at Blossom avenue, Manchester, at an advanced age, Bridget, widow of the late Patrick Maguire, formerly of No. 110 West street, Drogheda.

MASTERSON—July 30, at Ballymacross stn., Geashill, King's county, Anne, widow of the late Simon Masterson, formerly of Allenstown, Navan, county Meath.

GROVE-GRADY—July 27, at The Elms, Chichester, Sussex, Anne Emily, widow of Thomas Grove-Grady, of Castleconnell.

LUCKY MRS. HOWARTH.

She Tells a Reporter How She Got Her Big Prize.

"Yes, I got my $15,000 Wednesday," said Mrs. Jane Howarth, of 401 Central avenue, Kearny, to a *Journal* reporter who went to see her about the matter this morning.

Mrs. Howarth, who is a bright, pleasant faced woman, then told the whole story of the affair as follows:

"I have been purchasing tickets and parts of tickets in The Louisiana State Lottery for the past year. On July 8 I bought one-twentieth of ticket No. 92,561, paying one dollar for it. Of course, as I did not expect to get much out of it, I did not fret much, but I had interest enough in the matter to make me keep my eyes open for the returns from the drawings. On July 15, however, you may believe I was made happy by the receipt of a notice informing me that I had won one twentieth of the capital prize of $300,000. I then went to New York with my husband and placed my ticket in the hands of the agent of the Adams Express Company for collection, and on Wednesday, as I said before, I got my money and now have it placed away in a safe place."

"Did you ever win anything before?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, only last Christmas, I won an approximate prize of $5, and at other times small sums.

"I believe that the lottery is conducted fairly, for, if it was not, why should I get such a large sum of money for so little. They knew nothing about me or mine."

Since Mrs. Howarth's good luck has become known, she and her family have become very popular with their neighbors, although some of them envy her good luck.—*Newark (N J.) Journal, Aug* 1.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars ($10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 9:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Curtan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 265 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 384 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 324 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Sonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—3954 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. R. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 328 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

THE CENTRAL'S SIDE.

Mr. Webb Issues a Statement to the Public.

POWDERLY'S MANIFESTO ANSWERED.

He Claims That Men Were Discharged for Drunkenness and Neglect of Duty—Secretary Hayes Says the Vice President Does Not Speak the Truth—Another Strike on the Delaware and Hudson Road—The Terre Haute Conference.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Mr. Webb has issued a statement evidently prompted by Mr. Powderly's manifesto. He starts out with the statement that "no man has been discharged by this company because he was a Knight of Labor or a member of any other organization." Then for the first time since the beginning of the controversy Mr. Webb names a list of offenses among which are those because of which the Knights of Labor are said to have been discharged, and continues:

"The company has discharged men irrespective of their membership in the order of the Knights of Labor, for drunkenness, incapacity, breach of duty, insubordination, and for lack of sufficient work to employ them, and it will continue to do so whenever proper occasion arises. The people of this state granted to this company its franchise, and made it obligatory upon it to render certain services to the public, and provided that all its duties, including the employment and discharge of all classes of agents, should be performed by certain officers; and its officers do not propose to surrender, abandon, or transfer the discharge of these duties, or any part of them, to any one except their duly appointed successor.

Would Be Neglect of Duty.

"It would be a moral and probably a criminal neglect of duty for me to omit to discharge a switch towerman for drunkenness, upon whose sobriety and fidelity to duty depends the safety of the life and limb of some of the millions of passengers transported annually by this company. We could temporarily supply the place of a man who absented himself from work for two days without leave and without excuse, but what business, private or public, can be carried on under such conditions? What private or public business can be carried on subject to the dictation from the workmen that there shall be performed only this or that amount of work? What employer can tolerate insolence and insubordinations, based upon the belief that the offender will be supported therein by a secret organization to which he belongs, and by the agency of which the employer's business can be damaged or stopped?

A Monstrous Absurdity.

"The foregoing gives, without setting forth the name or places of employment, the causes which called for the discharge of the fifty or sixty men referred to in Mr. Powderly's appeal. For these discharges and to avert a threatened strike I have been called on by Mr. Powderly and his associates to consent to the monstrous absurdity of satisfying, by some kind of arbitration or investigation, persons other than the constituted authorities of the company that these causes exist—a demand which, as long as I occupy the position with which I am intrusted, I feel it to be my duty to firmly decline."

The vice president had been told that Mr. Powderly said in his appeal that he had not earned his position with the company and was unfitted for the place. To that Mr. Webb said, that aside from the fact that it was none of Powderly's business, the fact that he still held the position was evidence enough that he was able to fill it. The appeal was not addressed to him and for that reason he had not read it.

What Secretary Hayes Says.

Saturday morning Mr. Hayes, secretary to the general executive board of the knights, made the following statement: "It is a very strange thing that Mr. Webb should only now say that the knights discharged from the employ of the road were discharged for drunkenness, incapacity and insubordination. If this was the fact it is a proper case for arbitration and one that the state board should take hold of. Our executive board have, however, gone thoroughly into that matter and know that there is not one word of truth in what Webb says."

The Delaware and Hudson Again.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 23.—At noon Saturday district assembly 246, K. of L., ordered all its members employed at the Green Island yards of the Delaware and Hudson railroad, as well as those at work in this city, to strike at once. The order was generally obeyed and the Delaware and Hudson company finds itself confronted with the same state of affairs that existed about a week ago when a similar tie-up went into effect. The trouble all grows out of the handling of Central freight by the Delaware and Hudson road. A committee of the knights waited upon the company Friday and asked that it be definitely agreed that no more Central freights be moved. A reply was forthcoming from the road Saturday morning to the effect that the company proposed to transport over its lines all freight that might be received. This ultimatum precipitated the tie up.

The Stock Yards Road Strike.

CHICAGO, Aug. 23.—The situation at the stock yards among the engineers and firemen of the switching association, who went on strike Friday is unchanged. The men are still out and business is paralyzed at the great slaughtering center. The men are awaying the result of the meeting of the superintendents of the various railroads composing the association. The superintendents were in session Friday night and resumed the conference at 11 o'clock Saturday with closed doors. It is believed their deliberations will be unfavorable to the strikers.

Big Four Switchmen Uneasy.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 23.—There is growing uneasiness among the employes of the Big Four railroad here. The switchmen of the Big Four recently got an increase in wages, but their demand for shorter hours has not been acceded to and they have been told to wait till Sept. 1 for an answer, and on that account they are feeling rather aggressive and are looking with special interest for the result of the conference at Terre Haute.

An Important Conference.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 23.—The supreme council of the Federation of Railway Employes went into session at 9:30 Saturday to take action regarding the strike on the New York Central road. From appearances it seemed the body was not favorable to the strike.

SHELVED UNTIL NEXT SESSION.

The Election Bill Will Be Taken Up the First Monday in December.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 22.—The conference committee appointed at Thursday night's meeting of Republican senators (Messrs. Hoar, Allison, Evarts, Spooner, Plumb, Hale and Allen) met Friday afternoon in the room of the committee on judiciary and put into form the resolution establishing an order of business which it is proposed to adopt. The resolution provides for closing debate on the tariff bill Aug. 30 (the understanding being that a final vote will be had by Sept. 5). The measures mentioned in the Quay resolution (including the pure food and lottery bills) are to be disposed of before adjournment. The elections bill is to be made a special order for the first Monday in December (the day when congress reconvenes) with the understanding that a vote on it is to be ordered not later than Dec. 20.

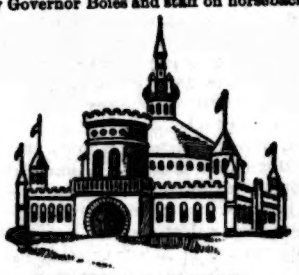
Regarded as a Victory.

This resolution is to be circulated among the Republican senators, and when a majority of the senate (from the Republican side) have signed it, it is to be laid before the senate formally for adoption. There is little doubt that the requisite signatures will be had. The senators who have been demanding a change in the rules regard the adoption of this resolution as a substantial victory, as it will require a change in the rules to permit the previous question to be ordered on the election bill Dec. 20.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

Opening of the Blue Grass Palace at Creston, Iowa.

CRESTON, Ia., Aug. 22.—The Blue Grass palace opening Thursday was a great success. There was a brilliant parade headed by Governor Boies and staff on horseback.



THE BLUE GRASS PALACE.

At the palace Mayor Patterson delivered the welcoming address. Governor Boies delivered an eloquent address on "The Duties of Citizenship." At the conclusion of Governor Boies' address, Roger Q. Mills was introduced and received an ovation, but did not make a speech.

A Runaway Car.

READING, Pa., Aug. 23.—A runaway car on the Mount Penn Gravity railroad which ascends the mountain near here dashed down a five mile declivity at 11 o'clock Friday morning killing three persons and injuring many others. The accident occurred at the horse-shoe bend, the second grove from the city while the train was coming down. The killed as far as learned are: Edgar Levan, lawyer; Miss Holman, milliner, of Reading; Miss Gayer, of Allentown. It is rumored that there are other fatalities and quite a number injured. It is said that the trouble occurred over the brake not working.

Engineer and Fireman Killed.

PALMER LAKE, Col., Aug. 21.—A collision occurred Wednesday afternoon on the Denver and Rio Grande, between Palmer Lake and Monument which resulted in the instant death of Engineer Hart and the probable death of his fireman, Fred Foley. Hart's engine was helping in the vicinity of the late washouts and received orders to run to Husted, while the other engine about the same time started to Palmer Lake for water. They were going at a high rate of speed when they collided and both were badly demolished.

Frost in the Northwest.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 23.—A killing frost fell Thursday night over the northern portion of Minnesota and part of North Dakota, extending all though Manitoba At Minnedosa a temperature of 28 degrees was recorded, with 30 at St. Vincent and still lower at points through the northwest territories. Reports from the Saskatchewan valley say the late wheat is badly damaged, but the extent is not known. Very little wheat is injured in Minnesota or Dakota, as all of it is cut.

The Wisconsin Republicans.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 21.—The Republican convention met here Wednesday and renominated Governor Hoard by acclamation. The platform indorses the Bennett law and proposes to modify it so that parents may send their children to any school they wish, providing that they be given instruction in the English language.

Robbed by Masked Burglars.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Aug. 22.—Four masked burglars Wednesday night entered the house of Michael Shelby, an aged farmer living near Wooster, battering the door down with a plank. The old man was bound and gagged and his 10-year old grandson bound to a chair. The burglars then took $4,000 from a bureau drawer and escaped.

A Woman Delivered the Address.

BROOKINGS, S. D., Aug. 21.—Mrs. Mary S. Howell, of Albany, N. Y., made the annual address before the graduating class of South Dakota college here Wednesday night. This is the first time a lady has ever done this duty anywhere. Her subject was "The True Sons and Daughters of Our Republic."

Signed a Treaty of Peace.

PARIS, Aug. 21.—A cablegram has just been received at the Guatemalan legation here to the effect that peace has been signed between Salvador and Guatemala. Vice President Ayala, of Salvador, has assumed the supreme executive functions and will arrange the details of an election for president.

A Terrible Double Tragedy.

CASSOPOLIS, Mich., Aug. 2.—James Matthews, of Calvin, a small village near here, shot and killed Mrs. Charles Matthews, and then shot himself fatally. He had asked Mrs. Matthews to marry him; she refused, and he became so enraged that he killed her.

Saw Mill Destroyed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 21.—The Enterprise saw mill, corner Shelby and Fulton streets, this city, owned by C. P. Paul & Co., was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday. Loss, $26,000; insurance, $10,000. The fire originated in the engine room.

ARE NOT IN THE FIGHT.

Result of the Conference at Terre Haute.

THE KNIGHTS MUST FIGHT ALONE.

After Long and Earnest Deliberation the Supreme Council of Federated Railway Employes Reach a Conclusion—They Sympathize with the Knights in Their Trouble, but Can Not Help Them—A Strike Upon Strike at Chicago.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26.—The supreme council of the federated railway employes has decided not to order a strike in aid of the New York Central Knights of Labor. This decision was arrived at after long and earnest deliberation in which the matter was discussed from all its bearings. The statement given to the press explains the grounds upon which the decision is based, and warmly indorses the action of Mr. Powderly in the present contest. Vice-President Webb comes in for unsparing condemnation. It is believed that the members of the supreme council individually favored a strike, but that the stringent laws of the federation precluded them from ordering it.

Must Have Grievances.

The conclusion arrived at was based on the constitution and by-laws of the federation, which require that before an order to strike can be given the federation itself must have grievances. This action leaves the Knights of Labor to fight the battle single-handed, so far as aggressive action is concerned. Whether they will receive financial aid from the federation is not yet known. This matter will probably be made the subject of consideration by another meeting of the supreme council.

How the Agreement Was Reached.

The report of the special committee to the full conference was debated in detail. One of the representatives of the Switchmen's union made a two hours' speech against the proposition to strike. There was no lack of speakers on the other side, and the debate, waxing at times exceedingly warm, went on for nearly five hours. Finally a vote was reached. Just how it resulted numerically is known only to the delegates and will appear only in the secret records of the order. While the former are as tight-mouthed as clams, it is believed that the three delegates from the Switchmen's union, two from the Conductors, two from the Trainmen, and one from the Firemen, voted in the negative.

A Sigh of Relief.

This would make the vote eight to four, and it required the vote of two of the three members representing each order to decide which way their organization should vote, but it also required a unanimous vote of all four orders before a strike could be ordered. The delegates breathed a sight of relief after the crucial test had been applied, and then proceeded with alacrity to prepare a general statement for the public regarding the strike and the position of the federation in the affair.

The News in New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The decision of the supreme council of the United Order of Railway Employes not to aid the Knights of Labor in their strike on the New York Central has been variously received in this city. It is general regarded as meaning one of two things, either that the company will be able to end the trouble at once or that the knights will in one way or another so manipulate things that the federation will be drawn into it, and such a result achieved that the united orders can not longer plead a want of direct interest in the struggle. Vice President Webb and the other officials say that the outcome was only what they expected. Mr. Webb says that he had the constitution of the federation at his fingers' end, and saw for himself what it took the supreme council several days to learn.

SWITCHMEN WANT MORE PAY.

Another Strike on the Union Stock Yards Railroad System.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—After a strike of ninety-six hours on the Union stock yards system, and just when it was settled by the acceptance of the compromise suggested by the strikers of 29 cents for the engineers and 18 cents for the firemen, the scene shifted again, the result of a demand on the part of the switchmen. The 120 men employed asked for an average increase of 3 cents an hour. They asked for an immediate answer to their demand, and this being refused walked out, leaving the situation precisely as it was before the railroad officials acceded to the demands of the engineers and firemen.

Will Insist on the Advance.

At about 7:30 o'clock Monday evening the striking switchmen received a dispatch from Manager Williams of the Switching association ordering them to go to work at 8 o'clock if they were going to work, and if not, to call for their time in the morning. The switchmen did not go on duty Monday night as ordered, and say they will not turn a switch in the yards until the advance they ask is conceded. They do not consider the order from Manager Williams as final, however, as they think he has no authority to discharge them until he has had orders from the executive committee of the roads.

Will Stand by the Switchmen.

Several of the engineers and firemen who had just returned to their engines and were waiting patiently for some one to begin turning the switches were asked what their position toward the striking switchmen was. They did not hesitate to state it. All said they would stand by the switchmen as the switchmen stood by them in their strike. When asked if they would work with new switchmen the trainmen came out with a very decided "Never." During the strike of the engineers and firemen, which has just been settled, the switchmen had promised not to go to work with new men on the engines, and now the engineers and firemen will bluntly refuse to move their engines with new men at the switches.

The Association Dissolved.

Tuesday morning it was decided by the packers to dissolve the Switching association and allow each road to do its own switching. The striking switchmen were told that their services were no longer required and new men were procured to do the switching. Superintendent Marsh at the head of 300 policemen went down to the stock yards to take charge of the police arrangements there and to see that no acts of violence are committed by the strikers. Very little was done in the way of clearing the tracks of the freight cars Tuesday morning, but it is announced that work will commence in earnest shortly.

Chicago and Alton Switchmen Out.

All the switchmen employed by the Chicago and Alton railroad went out on strike Tuesday morning. Upon request of the officials of the road, Superintendent Marsh has detailed a squad of policemen to guard the company's property. Some months ago a foreman in the Chicago and Alton yards left the company's employ and went to work for another road. Tuesday the company re-employed him and attempted to install him in his old position. The men in the meantime had become attached to the foreman who succeeded him and struck against any change.

COMPLETION OF THE TUNNEL.

The Grand Trunk's Connection Between the United States and Canada.

PORT HURON, Mich., Aug. 26.—The great railway tunnel under the St. Clair river was practically completed at 9:35 o'clock Monday forenoon. Chief Engineer Hobson of the Grand Trunk arrived at Sarnia early Monday morning in his private car. He was the first man to pass through the tunnel, followed by Engineers Murphy and Eames, the Hon. C. McKenzie, M. P., and Dr. Johnstone of Sarnia. The drift tunnel was practically finished at an earlier hour than stated above, but it remained for the chief engineer to remove the last shovelful of earth. Sunday afternoon the working forces on the Canadian and American side were passing tobacco, etc., through the hole bored between the two shields, and conversation was carried on during the evening.

A Great Engineering Feat.

It remained for "the 8 o'clock shift" to remove the last of the earth. The whole working force on both sides passed through the tunnel. Six hundred people, all of whom are connected with the tunnel, have walked under the river from the United States to Canada and vice versa since its completion. This marks the completion of the greatest river tunnel in the world and probably the greatest piece of engineering in this country. It is eleven feet longer than the Brooklyn bridge, and the difficulty of underground work compensates for the finer work on that structure. The tunnel will not be in use for some months, as an approach 13,000 feet long is to be dug on the Canadian side and one of 9,000 on the Michigan side.

Accident to Senator Quay's Daughters.

BEAVER, Pa., Aug. 26.—About 11 o'clock Monday morning what might have been a fatal accident occurred near the residence of Senator M. S. Quay. The senator's daughters, Misses Mamie and Cora, had driven to Rochester in a dog-cart, accompanied by Miss Kittie, daughter of Jerome Quay, and on returning Miss Mamie got out at the Beaver house and the others proceeded to drive home. As they turned sharply around the corner of College avenue the cart upset, and the young ladies were thrown violently to the ground. Miss Cora was badly, but not seriously hurt, but Miss Kitty sustained a severe contusion above the left temple, a badly bruised nose and a cut on the lower lip, and was rendered unconscious. Her injuries are thought to be very serious.

Eloped with an Heiress.

CHATHAM, Ills., Aug. 26.—Theodore Harbour, a young farmer residing six miles west of here, and Miss May Workman, a golden-haired miss of 15 from the same vicinity, are reported to have evaded the vigilance of the young lady's guardian, S. Workman, and took the 11:30 Chicago and Alton train here Monday morning. Accompanied by a friend of young Harbour it is said they started for some point over the line in Wisconsin, where the law regarding the marriage of minors is less stringent than here. Miss Workman, on attaining her majority, will inherit a big tract of land near here, and her relatives, who are prominent and wealthy people, strenuously objected to young Harbour's attentions to the girl.

The Lost Ones Found.

MEDFORD, Wis., Aug. 26.—Mrs. Molitor, her sister and daughter, who were lost in the woods three days have been found. Once more the searchers started out Monday morning. For hours they carefully examined every spot. Suddenly a shout was heard. "They're found!" was the glad announcement that greeted the ears of those within hearing. In a little half-shelter cabin, seated on the rough floor, was the little group, utterly prostrated with hunger, exhaustion, and fear. Their joy at being restored to their friends may be imagined. Their experience may result in severe illness, but it is thought they will all recover.

Cut to Pieces by "Dagoes."

BOISE CITY, Idaho, Aug. 26.—Constable David Stoddard, of Bangham county, Idaho, was cut to pieces with knives by "dagoes," at Beaver canon Sunday. The Italians, who are employed on the railroad, were paid off Saturday, and went on a spree. They quarreled among themselves, and Constable Stoddard, fearing bloodshed, stepped in to preserve order. The entire band turned upon him and stuck him full of holes, and completely severed his head from his body. Six arrests were made, and a lynching is feared.

Two Bad Men Behind the Bars.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 26.—Green Morris, a leader of the Eversoles in the French-Eversole feud, was captured last week. Capt. Gaither, of the state troops, went out quietly last Wednesday and had the outlaw before it was generally known the troops were moving. "Clabo" Jones, who is credited with having killed twenty-five men, was also brought in and placed in jail.

Largest Check Ever Written.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—A check has lately been drawn by the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad company on the London and County bank for £1,250,000 ($6,250,000). This is supposed to be the largest ever written, the famous Vanderbilt check for £700,000 ($3,500,000) having hitherto stood at the head of the list.

Been Robbing His Employers.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 26.—Harry Smith, late manager at this point for the Postal Telegraph-Cable company, was arrested here Monday at the instance of the American Surety company of New York, charged with embezzling about $400 belonging to the telegraph company.

The Cholera in Spain.

MADRID, Aug. 26.—Cholera is spreading in the city of Toledo. Thirteen cases and five deaths were reported Monday. The Madrid health department has sent officers to Toledo to take sanitary measures against the disease.

DISCOVERED BY A DOG.

A Most Horrible Murder Committed in Missouri.

THE VICTIM'S FAMILY SUSPECTED.

The Body Cut Into Pieces, Part of It Being Burned and the Head Buried in a Field—A Reign of Terror Caused by Highwaymen at Bucyrus, Ohio—Work of Incendiaries at Parkersburg, W. Va—Other Crimes.

NEOSHO, Mo., Aug. 25.—As Henry Webb, a farmer boy, was passing the farm of Charles Thomas, colored, living ten miles north, a dog ran out of a field carrying a human leg in his mouth. The alarm was given and neighbors gathered. Mrs. Thomas declared that her husband had left home Monday night after a quarrel and had not been seen since. She denied all knowledge of his whereabouts. The neighbors instituted a search and soon found the head of Thomas buried in the field in a sack. His arms and legs were found in a thick brush patch near the house and the body in a field, where a fire had been built. The murderer or murderers had tried to burn the corpse, as all the parts were literally roasted. In the ashes were found two nickels and Thomas' knife. Thomas had two sons and two daughters nearly grown, and these and the wife are suspected and have been arrested. He was well-to-do.

CATTLEMEN IN IRONS.

Accused of "Broaching" the Cargo of an Ocean Vessel.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The English steamship Richmond Hill, which arrived Sunday from Havre with a consignment of 140 thoroughbred horses, brought in two cattlemen in irons. They are Frank Coyle and Thomas Lockwood, who are accused of "broaching" the vessel's cargo and getting intoxicated on beer, which they stole from a cask in the vessel's hold. The alleged theft took place Friday last. Since then the two men have been confined in the store room of the vessel with handcuffs on their wrists. The cattlemen, in giving their side of the story, accuse Capt. Perry and the other officers of the vessel of brutal treatment. There was not one among the men aboard the vessel but that had some grievance. All were unanimous in condemning the officers and agents.

Threatened the Captain and Mate.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.—Brig Hattie M. Bain, of Portland, Me., which arrived here on Sunday, reports that the steward, Charles Williams, was brought home in irons by order of the American consul at Turks Island, and was given into custody here. It is alleged that he threatened the lives of Capt. Stowers and Mate Langdon with a knife while the vessel was lying in port at Turks Island.

AFRAID TO GO OUT AT NIGHT.

Highwaymen Cause a Reign of Terror at Bucyrus, Ohio.

BUCYRUS, Ohio, Aug. 25.—A reign of terror exists here. Citizens are boldly assaulted on the streets at night, others are made to give up their money at the muzzle of a revolver, while daring burglaries are committed nightly. Last Tuesday a circus gave an exhibition here, the usual crowd of toughs and hangers-on of the show coming with it, and that night a number of daring thefts were committed. The burglars evidently thought they had struck a rich field, for after the circus left the midnight depredators grew bolder. Prominent citizens were sandbagged at night and relieved of their cash and valuables, and six persons are now confined to their beds from the injuries they received. Several parties going home late at night and feeling secure in numbers were stopped by highwaymen and made to hand over their valuables. The police are powerless to cope with the toughs and at night they do as they please. The citizens are so terrified that few venture now to appear on the streets after night.

The Work of Incendiaries.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 25.—Sunday night three oil tanks on the Brown Brothers, Johnston and Two Brothers districts at Belmont were fired by incendiaries and large quantities of oil destroyed. The loss is heavy. A riot was imminent all night and may occur at any time. The tanks on the Taylor farm also caught fire and were destroyed. Everything is being guarded.

Threats of Mob Law.

CAIRO, Ill., Aug. 25.—Dock Brooks was killed at Hodges' park, this county, by Charles Curtis Both are negroes. Mary Curtis, wife of the murderer, called on the mayor here for a posse to protect her husband, as threats were made to mob him.

Razored for a $5 Debt.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 25.—In the western part of the city, in Van Horn alley near Cutter street, Bob Burley had his throat cut from ear to ear with a razor by Charles White. The murder was the result of a quarrel over a $5 account.

CALLED VERY SUDDENLY.

Death at Washington of Congressman Watson of Pennsylvania.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 25.—Congressman I. F. Watson of the Twenty-seventh congressional district, Pennsylvania, died very suddenly at half-past 11 o'clock Monday morning in the Shoreham hotel. Mr. Watson, accompanied by his private secretary was about to enter a carriage to be driven to the capitol. On the way out of the lobby of the hotel Mr. Watson complained of a dizziness in his head and sickness of the stomach. He fell unconscious and was taken to the parlor where stimulants were administered and he soon revived. A physician was immediately sent for, but before his arrival Mr. Watson again became unconscious from which he never recovered and died in a few moments. The sergeant-at-arms of the house was immediately informed of Mr. Watson's death, and now has charge of the remains. An undertaker was also sent for to prepare the body for the casket. The sudden and unexpected death caused great excitement in the hotel. Mr. Watson was apparently in the best health, and the news of his death was a great shock to his friends.

First Frost of the Season.

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—The first frost of the season, a light one, is reported as having occurred in portions of Worcester county Sunday night.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Consul General New will sail for the United States Sept. 10 on a leave of absence from his London post.

Several cases of leprosy have been discovered at Englishtown, Victoria county, C. B. The victims have been constantly associating with their neighbors.

City Clerk W. K. Harvey, of Concordia, Kan., has run away after heavy defalcations.

The British naval manuevers just concluded cost $1,000,000.

The blue and gray will meet on friendly terms in a rally at Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 7, 8 and 9. There will be competitive militia drills and sham battle. Gordon will attend if he can, and Sherman will be invited.

A rancher named Quinn, living near Livingston, Mont., murdered his wife and five children and ate flesh from their bodies.

The treasury department purchased $642,000 4½ per cent. bonds Saturday.

Senators Frye and Hale have pronounced in favor of Blaine's reciprocity views.

Mrs. J. H. Wilson was thrown from a buggy in a runaway Saturday at Moline, Ills., and died of her injuries.

Advices from the New Hebrides island state that the natives of Amha island massacred the crew of a German labor vessel. A French warship subsequently shelled the villages on the island.

Next month the Rev. Dr. George F. Penticost, of Brooklyn, leaves on an evangelistic mission to India. He and a dozen others will begin work in Calcutta.

The czar has conferred the decoration of the Order of St. Andrew upon Chancellor Von Caprivi.

Mrs. P. Wright, of Oshkosh, Wis., committed suicide by hanging Sunday.

The national prison congress meets in Cincinnati, Sept. 25.

Seventeen different men are up and backed for auditor of state for Kansas.

The colored people in the vicinity of Lulu, Miss., have a great desire to emigrate to Oklahoma, and have appointed a committee to go out there and report the prospect of that country.

There are a number of cases of malignant diphtheria at Canton, Ill.

All the streams in northern New York are very low and the canals are affected.

Mrs. Eunice J Jose, a 91-year old Saco (Me.) woman, is cutting her third set of teeth.

Fish Commissioner Stanley, of Maine, believes that there is more than enough gold at Swift River, Me., to pay for the digging.

There is an unclaimed letter in the Grass Valley (Cal.) postoffice for Mr. L You, hog merchant.

BADE GOOD-BYE TO THE CZAR.

Kaiser Billy Brings His Visit to Alexander to a Close.

PETERHOF, Aug. 25.—The czar, Emperor William, M. DeGiers, Count Von-Caprivi, and the leading officials attendant upon the two monarchs, were present at Thursday night's farewell banquet to the emperor. After the banquet the czar and the emperor proceeded to the balcony overlooking the brilliantly illuminated gardens, and spent some time in conversation. At ten o'clock the kaiser took his departure. He was accompanied to the quay by the czar and the officers of the Viborg regiment, of which the kaiser is honorary commander. The kaiser shook hands with each of the officers and bade a cordial farewell to the czar. As the steamer left the quay the czar shouted to the emperor "Au revoir." The emperor at once boarded the Hohenzollern, which departed at dawn Saturday morning.

McVicker's Theatre Burned.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Fire broke out in McVicker's theatre this morning, and burned with such fury that before the firemen could get control the building was gutted. The loss is not known at this writing, but must be heavy.

LATER.—The loss is about $125,000. One fireman was fatally injured—John Duffy.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 25.

On the board of trade to-day quotations were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 September, opened $1.00¼, closed $1.01⅜; December, opened $1.01¾; closed $1.02¾; May, opened $1.13¼, closed $1.13⅝. Corn—No. 2 September, opened 49½c, closed 48¾c; October, opened 49½c, closed 47¼c; May, opened 53c, closed 53½c. Oats—No. 2 August, opened 37¼c, closed 36¾c; September, opened 30½c, closed 30½c; May, opened 39¾c, closed 39¼c. Pork—September, opened $10.90, closed $10.70; January, opened $12.62½, closed $12.47½; May, opened $13.55, closed $13.17½. Lard—September, opened $6.27½, closed $6.22.

Live stock—Union stock yards prices: Hogs—Light hogs steady; other grades 5c lower; light grades, $3.60@4.25; rough packing, $3.60@3.80; mixed lots, $3.80@4.10; heavy packing and shipping lots, $3.85@4.10.

Produce: Butter—Fancy separator, 20@21½c per lb; fine gathered cream, 16@18; fine to good imitations, 10@13c; dairies, finest fresh, 16@18c, fresh packing stocks, 6@7c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 15@16c per doz. Poultry—Chickens, hens, 8½@9c per lb; spring chickens, 10c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, mixed lots, 9@10c; ducks, 8@9c; spring ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4@5 per doz. Potatoes—Early Ohio, $2.75@3.00 per bbl; New Jersey Rose, $3.50@3.75. Apples—New Illinois green, $2.00@2.50 per bbl. Berries Huckleberries—30@75c per box; $1.50 per 16-qt case. Blackberries—Michigan, $1.00@1.50 per 16-qt case.

Broom corn—Hurl, 5@6c per lb; whisk brush, 5@6c; green, self-working, 4@5c; inside and covers, 3@4c; common brush, 3½@3¼c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter cash, $1.10½@1.11½; do September, $1.09½; do October, $1.10; do December, $1.11⅜. Corn—No. 2 mixed 56½@57c cash; do August, 56; do October, 56¼c; do December, 57¼c. Oats—Quiet: No. 2 mixed cash, 45@46c; do August, 43½; do September, ——. Rye—Dull and nominal. Barley malt—Firm but quiet. Pork—Steady; mess, $12.50@13.25. Lard—Nominally unchanged.

Live Stock: Cattle—Active and firm at an advance of 10c ₱ 100 lbs; poorest to best native steers, $3.75 5.25 ₱ 100 lbs Texans, $3.00@3.75; bulls and dry cows, $1.50@3.30. Sheep and Lambs—Market firm at former prices; sheep, $4.00@5.25 ₱ 100 lbs; lambs, $5.75@7.35. Hogs—Market light; live hogs, $4.30@4.60 ₱ 100 lbs.

St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25.

Wheat—Lower; cash, 99½c; September, 99¼c; December, $1.05¾. Corn—Cash, lower, 45¾c; September, 45c; May, 49½@49¾c. Oats—Lower; cash, 34c bid; September, 34½c; May, 38¾c. Pork—Quiet; jobbing, cash, $11.75. Lard—Quiet; butchers' steam, $6.10@6.10. Whisky Steady; $1.13.

Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 25.

Wheat—Easy; No. 2 spring on track cash, $1.01@1.04; September, 99¾c; No. 1 northern, $1.07. Corn—Steady; No. 3 on track, 50c. Oats—Steady; No. 2 white on track cash 35c.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 30, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Charity Ball."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Crystal Slipper."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Shenandoah."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The County Fair."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Chas. A. Gardner in "Fatherland."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Lost in New York."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

RUSSIAN AND ENGLISH TYRANNY.

The most irritating defect of English character is its political hypocrisy. England is eternally discovering governmental sins in her neighbors—particularly when she is jealous of them—but she is amazingly blind to her own crimes and imperfections in the same line. Recently the London *Times* contained a very able correspondence on the barbaric treatment of the unhappy Russian Jews by the government of the Czar. No humane person, of any race, can help reading the catalogue of persecutions directed against the Jews of Russia by Alexander III. and his ministers without a flush of amazement and anger. There are only two recent parallels to those persecutions—the treatment of the Irish by the government of Queen Victoria during the famine period, and the treatment of the Christians of Bulgaria by the Turks previous to 1877. But the *Times* conveniently ignores England's treatment of Ireland and her allies—the Turks—treatment of Bulgaria. However, the following statement by the *Times'* correspondent reveals a state of things in Russia that certainly insults civilization on the threshold of the twentieth century of the Christian era:

"1. Jews throughout Russia (and including Russian Poland) must henceforth reside in town only, and not in the country. No Jew will any longer be permitted to own land or even to farm land. All Jewish landowners, farmers and agricultural laborers will thus be expelled from their village homes, and, unless they have saved the means of subsistence, will be reduced to beggary. To intensify the severity of this edict, and widen its scope, the government officials have included many hundreds of small towns in the category of country villages, and expelled the Jews from those towns. In this manner the number of sufferers from the edict is greatly augmented. Tens of thousands of souls will be thus rendered homeless. These laws, known as the "May Laws," were promulgated in 1882, but were never put into force until the present year.

2. Jews have hitherto been allowed by law to reside in only sixteen of the counties (gubernis) of Russia. But the law has not been enforced against Jewish merchants in many important commercial centers outside those provinces, such as Riga, Libau, Rostoff, etc., for, by a ministerial circular of 1880, Jews long established in such towns were permitted to remain unmolested. The law is now to be strictly enforced, and, by a recent ministerial order, all Jews, numbering many thousands of families, settled outside the sixteen counties are to be expelled.

3. Jewish artisans who in like manner had, under the law of 1865, been permitted to settle temporarily in places outside the sixteen counties are now to be expelled from those places. Tens of thousands of artisans, with their families, will, it is said, be affected by this edict, and rendered homeless.

4. Jews are no longer to be allowed to be in any way connected with mines or mining industry, nor even to hold shares in any mine.

5. The Jews will henceforth be practically debarred from partaking in any educational advantages, whether in schools, gymnasia, or universities. Hitherto they have been allowed admission subject to the limitation that their number should not exceed 5 per cent of the total number of students. Secret instructions have already been sent requiring the reduction of this small per centage to still lower limits, and from many of the higher educational institutions all Jewish students have been expelled.

6. The legal profession, in which heretofore a large number of Jews in Russia have achieved great success, will in future be closed to Jewish students. A law has already been put in force requiring the special sanction of the Minister of the Interior before a Jew, qualified by examination, may practice. Since the promulgation of the law not a single sanction has been given, and it is understood that none will be given.

7. Jews are henceforth prohibited from following the profession of engineer or army doctor, or from filling any government post however subordinate."

It would seem that the Russian people themselves, fanatically devoted to the principles of the Greek church, sustain the Czar in his infamous and inhuman policy. They are actuated at once, it would appear, by sordid greed and by religious bigotry. They have no hesitation in seeking to destroy 4,000,000 of their fellow countrymen, whose chief crime is that they adhere to the faith which is the parent of all Christianity, whether it be Roman, Grecian, Armenian or Anglican. The Russian Jews, like the Jews of all nations, are the kindred, long descended, of Abraham and of Isaac, of Jacob and of Solomon, of Samson and the Maccabees. Their forefathers marched with Moses out of Egypt, "through parted sea and desert waste" and gazed with him on the Promised Land from the mountains of Moab. For 2,000 years Europe has been their persecutor, and for one glorious century America has been their friend. What is Europe's loss is America's gain. The Jews who have come among us are good and faithful citizens, and the gates of the great Republic still "open inward" for all the persecuted of the earth. In this spirit THE CITIZEN hails the anticipated advent of the persecuted Russian Jews to the United States.

But, while sympathizing with the Russian Jews, THE CITIZEN is compelled to call the attention of all honest people to the profound rascality of England in holding up Russia as the arch persecutor of the helpless. In a burst of mock virtue the *Times* says:

"It appears from the new edict to be the object of the Czar's Government to drive all the Jews from the rural districts into the overcrowded towns there to be decimated either by the diseases resulting from congestion or the starvation consequent on loss of livelihood. The village homes are broken up, the artisans and agriculturists of the provinces are driven into the towns where there is neither roof to shelter them nor work for their willing hands. Such a persecution involves a refinement of cruelty for which history affords no parallel. It means massacre, not by sword or dagger, as of old, but by a slow automatic process of lingering death. The smaller incidents of the persecution—the deprivation of educational advantages, the closing of universities to the Jews, their exclusion from the professions—all these shrink into insignificance compared with the vast and widespread scheme of expulsion from hearth and home, which means death to countless thousands."

The atrocious edict of the Russian Czar affects the fortunes of 4,060,000 of Jews. This is, indeed, a colossal crime, and, unfortunately, the people whom he rules share an almost equal responsibility. But little more than a generation ago, nearly 9,000,000 people inhabited Ireland. The census of this year will show but half that number within its circumscribing seas. Where are the rest and their descendants? Ask the broad Atlantic, which holds the bones of thousands. Ask the graveyards of Ireland, which hold the dust of starved myriads. Millions are scattered in every land beneath the sun—a living monument to English greed and cruelty, and a standing menace to the integrity of her empire. And yet the London *Times* impudently declares that the treatment of the Jews by Russia is "a refinement of cruelty for which history affords no parallel." No closer parallel could be drawn to Russia's policy toward the Jews than England's policy toward the Irish. England's policy in Ireland, from 1847 to 1851, and, in point of fact, during all her modern rule means, to quote the language of the *Times*, "massacre, not by the sword or dagger, as of old, but by a slow automatic process of lingering death." We "thank thee, Roderick, for the word." That exactly describes the Irish situation under England's system of government. Ireland is dying at the rate of "a million a decade," and nothing but the amazing virility and miraculous fecundity of the old parent hive—the illustrious, if unfortunate, mother of the newer nations—saves the home race from utter annihilation.

The American press, THE CITIZEN observes with regret, is ever ready to depict the horrors of Russian rule in Poland and Siberia, and of French rule in Madagascar and Algeria, but when it comes down to English villainy in Ireland, the subject is generally dismissed with a milk and water editorial, or else a half contemptuous paragraph. England is rich and a good customer. Russia is not rich, and her commercial relations with the United States are not particularly profitable.

Nevertheless, in the day of difficulty, Russia did us a good turn—not for love, perhaps—while England did us the reverse. Such is human remembrance. Both Russia and England are grasping and tyrannical powers, and both should receive equal chastisement at the hands of a free press. But the act which in the Slav seems a mortal sin against humanity, according to the views of the average American editor, is a merely venal offense when committed by the alleged Anglo-Saxon.

THE IRISH PEOPLE MUST FIGHT FOR FOOD.

The London correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, telegraphing his paper on the 27th inst., says that "a terrible calamity (owing to the failure of the infernal potato) stares the Irish in the face, and gaunt famine is already striding upon them, and menacing the lives of innumerable families of the poor. It is a wretched and awful situation, and the brutal callousness of a large part of the English people to this state of things is calling forth indignant protests from many, and urgent demands are made that something be done to relieve threatened suffering in the name of common humanity." This is horrible and humiliating. THE CITIZEN advises the Irish people not to allow themselves to starve to death under any penalty. When famine approaches, if they have nothing in their houses to eat, let them seize upon cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, even horses and mules, in order to feed themselves and their children. If their consciences should trouble them, which, under the circumstances, would be absurd, let them give scrip, acknowledging indebtedness, to the people from whom they take the food they need. Let them not be afraid of either the police or the soldiers, the sheriff or the jailer. It is better to be shot down, like Christians and martyrs or to lie in jail even, than to starve tamely to death, like things without souls or reason. If they have to fight, in order to obtain food, let them fight. It would be better that every English official in Ireland should be killed than that one innocent Irish child or helpless Irish woman should starve while there is plenty in the land that bore them. The Irish people should let the potatoes go, and dine on beef and mutton. Give the scoundrelly landlords the lumpers as a healthy change of diet.

THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH CHESTNUT.

The Sons of St. George—otherwise St. Gorge—a blooming H'Inglish organization, recently established in New York—held a meeting recently at which one Erastus Wiman, a bloody, bloomin' H'Inglishman, was the orator. The subject of his discourse was "The Duty and Power of Englishmen in America." Following is an epitome of his remarks: "The duty and the power of the Englishmen in America are epitomized in two words—naturalize and organize. Up to within a recent period neither of these privileges has been much availed of by the Englishman. Yet it is difficult to conceive what higher duty or nobler purpose could animate an Englishman than to participate in the government of such a country as this. The impression made by the Irish people in America is greater than that of any alien race. It is a strange study that a people who are practically unable to govern themselves should without previous experience, or without the slightest knowledge, practically govern the greatest nation under the sun. As a rule, without advanced education—in possession only of the shrewdness, humor and adaptability which characterize the Irish people—they have achieved a power unequaled elsewhere in the world's history."

Mr. Wiman would have lectured his countrymen more truthfully if he had said "Go through the form of naturalization in order that you may benefit England at the expense of America." Ninety per cent of the English people would hold themselves perjured if they abjured allegiance to Queen Victoria. It is, with them, a superstition and cannot be overcome by argument of any kind. Why should Mr. Wiman counsel these poor people to commit perjury? That is what their "naturalization" would mean. As for "organizing," the majority of the Englishmen in America would be organized as an auxiliary force to Lord Salisbury's army and navy if Great Britain should have trouble with this country. It would be sheer madness to trust them. The "loyalty" of Englishmen to their native country is something that has no parallel among the human race. The creatures cannot help it. They are not to be blamed for it, but America would be greatly to blame if she were to place them in the way of temptation.

As for the old chestnut about the Irish not being able to govern themselves, it hardly deserves serious comment. It is a lie of English invention, coined for the purpose of excusing England's usurpation of the functions of government in Ireland. Irishmen, as a rule, smile when they read it, but Americans may be imposed upon. Compared with the Irish, the English are mere cattle in the science of government. Like their national animal, the bull dog, they know enough to seize, and to hold on, while their teeth are good, but, without ball and bayonet, they cannot govern a tomcat, not to speak of a human being. The majority of the English are mere animals. Their souls are encrusted in hereditary prejudice. Slaves of the Danes, and of the Danes' bastards, the Normans, they inherit the courage of the former and the cruelty of the latter. They have been fortunate in piracy and in burglarizing the legislative safes of nations less numerous. Mr. Wiman is evidently jealous of the undoubted Americanism of the Irish. They are a fixture on this continent. If they rule America, it is for her good, else why has Mr. Wiman come here to make a livelihood which he failed to make at home? O, Erasmus, pray stop making a holy show of yourself!

HENRY C. DUNNE.

THE CITIZEN has sincere regret in announcing the death of its old and dear friend, Henry C. Dunne, of St. Louis, Mo. The melancholy event occurred at the residence of Mr. John Gorman, No. 2714 Spring avenue, on the 23d inst. The funeral occurred on the 24th inst. from Mr. Gorman's residence to St. Teresa's Catholic church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated. The interment was at Calvary cemetery, where an eloquent funeral oration was preached by the Rev. Patrick Tallon of the Church of the Holy Name. The following gentlemen acted as active pall-bearers: Thomas Moore, Captain J. H. Cookson, Dr. John Ryan, David H. Hayes, Joseph P. Tierney, Dorsey Ruth, H. J. Stalle, and Thomas Buckland. The honorary pall bearers were Thomas Morris, Clarence Newcome, Frank Ryan, Mark Wolfe, John D. Finney, and Thomas F. McDermott.

Henry C. Dunne was a native of Dublin, Ireland. He was of patriotic stock, and early developed that "distempered love of Ireland," which the time-serving orator, Lalor Shiel, attributed to Wolfe Tone. Mr. Dunne came to America at an early age, and learned the drug business at the store of Dr. Hall, Washington, D. C. He returned to Ireland early in the sixties, and pursued his profession in his native city, where he became actively identified with the Irish revolutionary movement. He became a "suspect" in 1865, and was obliged to leave Ireland. In America he became an indefatigable organizer of the Fenian movement, and held the rank of Captain in the St. Louis battalion which went to Buffalo, with the intention of invading Canada, in June, 1866. The failure of that enterprise rather disgusted the ardent young Irishman, but he always remained true to his early convictions.

Mr. Dunne was, for many years, a prominent official in the St. Louis postoffice, and his record as a public servant was above reproach. He had the good will of all who knew him, because a more obliging, true hearted, generous and lovable gentleman never lived. His funeral was attended by thousands of the citizens of St. Louis, without regard to class or creed. Mr. Dunne died unmarried. May the bliss of this good and true Irishman be eternal.

DILLON AND O'DWYER.

Thirty thousand Irish Catholics assembled at Limerick on Sunday declared that they trusted and loved John Dillon more than the Saxon-hearted Bishop O'Dwyer of their diocese. The bishop has withdrawn his disgraceful charge of personal dishonesty against John Dillon. He should be changed from Limerick and given a diocese in England, which he loves so well. There are hundreds of Irish-hearted priests, who love their country and their race, who would make good bishops in Ireland. The time has gone by when Irish Catholic bishops, with Saxon gizzards, could command the allegiance of Irish Catholics. If Cardinal Cullen were living to-day, and deported himself as he did when MacManus was buried, he would be driven out of Dublin by the enraged people. Such prelates as Bishop O'Dwyer are the worst enemies of the Catholic church in Ireland.

A GOOD OMEN.

Last week's mail from Ireland says that "on Sunday, July 27th, priests speaking in some of the Catholic churches, on the opening of schools in the city, referred to the Irish language as being a study worthy of special attention."

This is one of the strangest and most suggestive items of news ever brought across the Atlantic from Ireland. Unless the priests, who spoke about the duty of the Irish people towards their national language, had been ordered so to speak by some authority before which they had to bow, it is an absolute certainty that not one of them would ever have said a word in favor of the Irish language. It is reasonable to conclude, then, that the order came from Archbishop Walsh, and it is equally reasonable to conclude that, however patriotic the Archbishop may be, he would hardly have inspired such an extraordinary dictum from several altars in Dublin if he, too, had not received inspiration from some source above him. If Catholic priests in Galway, Mayo or Kerry, had spoken about the necessity of learning Irish, one would hardly wonder at their utterances; but to speak about such a matter in Dublin, the first spot on Irish soil to come under the domination of the foreigner, and the spot of Irish soil where Irish first ceased to be spoken, shows precisely that "at long last" the church has seen the mistake she made in having, for nearly two hundred years, done almost everything that could be done, without absolute persecution, to cause the disuse of the Irish language by the Irish masses. But, with that almost superhuman wisdom, which is so eminently characteristic of the management of the church, she seems hastening to repair the damage that was done.

If half a dozen or two, or even one catholic priest were to advocate the teaching and study of the Irish language twenty years ago in Dublin, it would certainly have been said that he was mad. Here we have an instance of the might of public opinion. Even the church itself has to bow before it. It is the fearless and patriotic men who founded the Irish language societies in Dublin that are to be thanked for the *renaissance* of the national language sentiment, not only in Ireland, but in this country; but above all individuals, and certainly above all priests, Father Keegan, of St. Louis, Mo., is to be thanked the most. He has for years been writing on the subject of the Irish language in every journal and periodical in which he could get an utterance, and he has done it all for pure love of his country and his race. If he were a layman, his utterances would not be half so effective; but, being a priest, his words have a weight which no layman's words could possibly have.

The next public step that should be taken in this country about the Irish language, should be a convention of all those Irishmen who are interested in it; whether they are Gaelic scholars or not, makes no difference. If they are honest in their love for Ireland, they should know that if the Irish people have not national sentiment enough in them to keep alive the language of their forefathers, it is very questionable if they are filled with the true spirit of nationalists. That convention could inaugurate a society spread over all this continent, each member of which, by paying even one dollar annually, could raise a fund sufficient to help those journals and periodicals that are now publishing Irish; it could establish others, buy elementary books, found schools, etc. That convention, while not dictating as to the character that should be used for printing Irish, should commend that the Roman should be most used, for it throws fewest obstacles in the way of learners, and Gaelic loses nothing of its attributes by being printed in it. The old letters are not only much more expensive than the Roman, but there are very few printers who can set them up.

The utterances of the Dublin priests augurs well for the future of the Irish language; it is a most important event in Irish nationalism, and THE CITIZEN will have more to say about it at an early date.

A FATAL SAXON GIFT.

Again Ireland is suffering from the effects of a noted English gift. An extensive failure of the potato crop is reported in the south and west of the Island. An old, old story, now repeated for the hundredth time. It was the polished English pirate, Sir Walter Raleigh, that presented Ireland with the potato. The hand that bore the doubtful gift was reeking with the blood of the unfortunate Spanish soldiers who, after surrendering in good faith, were savagely butchered, at Fort del Ore, in Kerry, and also with that of thousands of victims of English avarice who perished on the Spanish Main. But not all Raleigh's buccaneering exploits, a hundred times repeated, could have hurled into eternity more human beings than have perished as the result of his introducing to Ireland that ill-omened tuber. The scholarly buccaneer's intentions in this particular instance may have been good, but the fact remains that his legacy, in the havoc it has caused from time to time, has proved but too well worthy of a pirate. Raleigh is not directly to blame for the evil consequences that have arisen. Neither is the unfortunate potato. Of itself an innocent and kindly production of nature, and healthy and nutritious article of diet, it well deserves the eulogy given it by T. D. Sullivan:

"I'll make bould and free to say,
Despite the way some people go on,
Bits of bread and drops of tay
Are not the things for men to grow on:
Och, 'tis quite a certain case,
There must be matchless sustentation
In the food that feeds the race
That's plainly batin' all creation.
That's the food for young and old,
For sick and hale, for lords and ladies,
White as milk and bright as gold,
Healthful, beautiful New Potatoes."

The evil lies not in the famous West Indian tuber but in the constant and unremitting abuse of it, in the too great dependence placed upon it. It is the chief article of cultivation in Ireland. It is the favorite food of the peasantry, with the poorer of whom—save when they allow themselves the high luxury of a bit of bacon at Christmas—*poreens* garnished with buttermilk is the fixed and staple diet, in order that they may be able to make up the rent for their landlords and give them a fine old time of it in London or Paris. Occasionally the blight falls upon the potato crop, and then the people starve and die. For why, they have no other means of sustenance. It was in vain Queen Victoria put the intelligent question as to the condition of her beloved Irish subjects during the famine: "Why do they not eat bread?" When their crops fail they have neither bread nor money to buy it; their sole and stark prospect is starvation or the workhouse or the emigrant ship. The acrid, pungent odor of the decaying potato stalks is more terrible than the breath of the upas tree, spreading death and desolation. This was the case in "the black '47," when English Tory audiences, with the exultation of fiends saluted Disraeli with cheers for the Irish famine, and this would have been the case some years ago were it not that the charity of the world came to the rescue. To-morrow, probably, were Ireland again visited with such another awful calamity as that of '47 we would have Balfour and his admirers howling themselves hoarse with joy. The Irish are a too confiding race; they keep on depending upon the potato; they keep on depending on the fine promises of English statesmen, although in both cases their confidence has again and again been severely shaken and shattered. By this time they should have well learned that Raleigh's tuber is not a thing to be implicitly depended upon and that the word of an average English minister is even more worthless than a rotten potato.

ABOUT CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The late Cardinal Newman has received quite as much eulogium from the Protestant as the Catholic press. The fact that he was born and bred an Englishman, but with sympathies so broad and liberal as to make him the friend and benefactor of all mankind, has no doubt influenced the newspapers of his own country in his favor. A recent London letter says: "By the unanimous judgment of the best qualified critics here and throughout England, Cardinal Newman was the greatest master of English prose which this century has produced. This means a great deal when one calls to mind some of the other great prose writers—Macaulay, Carlyle, Thackeray, Froude, Green, Hallam, Freeman, Ruskin, Lowell, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott. He excels them all in limpidity. There is no apparent effort in his style; no straining for effect. The language flows right on, a clear, steady, irresistible stream which carries the reader with it, overcomes all his prejudices, and lands him a willing and devoted captive in the master's hand. His command of language was inexhaustible; he was never at loss for a word, and he always used the right word in the right place. But he not only had language, but vivid imagination, that sublime faculty which lights up language and renders it as dazzling and brilliant as the noonday sun."

OVER THE TEACUP.

Oliver Wendell Holmes on American Social and Literary Independence.

I confess that I am not in sympathy with some of the movements that accompany the manifestations of American social and literary independence. I do not like the assumption of titles of Lords and Knights by plain citizens of a country which prides itself on recognizing simple manhood and womanhood as sufficiently entitled to respect without these unnecessary additions. I do not like any better the familiar and, as it seems to me, rude way of speaking of our fellow citizens who are entitled to the common courtesies of civilized society. I never thought it dignified or even proper for a president of the United States to call himself, or to be called by others, "Frank" Pierce. In the first place I had to look in a biographical dictionary to find out whether his baptismal name was Franklin, or Francis, or simply Frank, for I think children are sometimes christened with this abbreviated name. But it is too much in the style of Cowper's unpleasant acquaintance:

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
How he esteems your merit.

I should not like to hear our past chief magistrates spoken of as Jack Adams or Jim Madison, and it would have been only as a political partisan that I should have reconciled myself to "Tom" Jefferson. So in spite of "Ben" Jonson, "Tom" Moore, and "Jack" Sheppard, I prefer to speak of a fellow citizen already venerable by his years, entitled to respect by useful services to his country, and recognized by many as the prophet of a new poetical dispensation, with the customary title of adults rather than by the free and easy schoolboy abbreviation with which he introduced himself many years ago to the public. As for his rhapsodies, Number Seven, our "cracked Tescup," says they sound to him like "tunes played upon a big organ which has been struck by lightning." So far as concerns literary independence, if we understand by that term the getting rid of our subjection to British criticism, such as it was in the days when the question was asked, 'Who reads an American book?" we may consider it pretty well established. If it means dispensing with punctuation, coining words at will, self revelation unrestrained by a sense of what is decorous, declamations in which everything is glorified without being idealized, "poetry" in which the reader must make the rhythms which the poet has not made for him, then I think we had better continue literary colonists. I shrink from a lawless independence to which all the virile energy and trampling audacity of Mr. Whitman fail to reconcile me. But there is room for everybody and everything in our huge hemisphere. Young America is like a 3 year old colt with his saddle and bridle just taken off. The first thing he wants to do is to roll. He is a droll object, sprawling in the grass with his four hoofs in the air; but he likes it, and it won't harm us. So let him roll—let him roll!—*September Atlantic.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 164 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

MUNSTER.

THE TINKERS' LEAP.

Micky Donovan and Patsy Connors, two Irish gypsies, met at the pony races, at Tramore, recently. "Micky," said Patsy, "you were a good man in yer day, but ye never could go where I could go." "*Thannim an dhoul*" said Mickey, "I'd go where any *gorsoon* 'd go—no matter where it was." Folly me, thin," pursued Micky's tormentor; and forthwith he made a desperate effort to "land at t'other side" of a gripe something less than a mile wide. But his vaulting ambition only landed him in one of those fixes peculiar to persons who o'erleap themselves. Patsy's hole in the wather was quickly rivalled by the displacement effected by his brother "brazier," and both the bold swimmers quickly made their way to the bottom, but almost as rapidly did their interesting features regain the surface. To say that they personified a pair of demoralized Neptunes with seaweed negligently if not picturesquely adhering to their physiognomies would but ill describe their alarming appearance; but that they were a couple of impulsive but ill-advised and ill-conditioned tinkers nobody looking at them could deny. Having, with the assistance of some admirers, scrambled on to *terra firma*, they immediately regained their composure, Micky triumphantly observing to Patsy, "Are ye satisfied now? Will ye thry again if ye're able to go any place where I couldn't folly ye?" To which Patsy replied, "Begorra, give us yer fisht; I believe ye'd folly me to the d—l, sooner than own yerself bet." And the worthy pair felt neither sadder nor wiser, only a little wetter. But what is a wetting to people who, for half their lifetime, have "the sky for a roof and the bog for a flure?"

VITRIOL THROWING IN MACROOM.

Two men named Lucey and Collins were arrested in Macroom on the charge of having thrown a bottle of vitriol on a young lady named Margaret Sullivan. The motive of the crime was attributed to jealousy. They were remanded.

DRIVING ACCIDENT IN CORK.

While driving a trap near St. Patrick's Bridge, Cork, Mrs. Ogilvie, wife of Deputy Inspector Ogilvie, was thrown from the carriage on Camden quay, the horse having fallen. Mrs. Ogilvie was not seriously injured.

TO CANALIZE THE SUIR.

A matter of vital importance for the trade of Clonmel is being locally discussed at present, namely, a project to canalize the Suir between that town and Waterford.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT AT KILRUSH.

On Sunday, while three children, two sisters named Torpey and a little boy named Creaghan, belonging to Knock village, were collecting shells in the bay they were overtaken by the incoming tide and drowned.

FOR SENDING BALFOUR TO SHEOL.

John McNamara was fined 10s for saying "to hell with Balfour," at the Cashel petty sessions.

MR. BALFOUR'S SHADOW LIST.

The *Freeman's Journal* publishes, "from a source of unquestionable authority," Balfour's Secret Shadow List. It contains twenty six names, headed by Mr. William O'Brien, after whom follows Mr. John Dillon and six other members of parliament: Messrs. P. O'Brien, Joseph Nolan, J. J. Kelly, Wm. Redmond, John O'Connor, and Dr. Kenny. Mr. Davitt is also on the list with L. R. B. after his name.

IT WAS DONE BY WICKED OUTSIDERS.

At the parish chapel, Ennis, the Rev. J. Walsh, P. P., referred to the recent shooting outrage on Mr. Francis J. Kelly, J.P., in terms of strong indignation. After mass a meeting was held outside the chapel, at which Father Walsh presided, and Mr. Francis J. Kelly was present. A resolution was passed condemning the outrage, and Mr. Kelly thanked the meeting for their kind expressions towards him. He did not blame the people of the parish.

MORE PRESENTS

Mrs. E. A. Coffey, Clonmel, has procured for presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien (in honor of their marriage), a magnificent evening tea service.

HOOLOHAN HOLDS THE FORT.

William Hoolohan was summoned by the queen at the persecution of Frederick J. Egar to answer a charge of retaking possession of a house and farm at Clonfinane, in the county of Tipperary, from which he had been evicted some time previously. After a lengthened hearing of the case the magistrates decided that the charge was not sustained, and dismissed the prosecution.

AGHADA LADIES AND MRS W O'BRIEN.

An oil painting of the Madonna of Good Counsel, by Troja, was recently forwarded to Mrs. William O'Brien as a wedding present from the ladies of Aghada, in a massive gilt frame, surmounted by a Celtic cross, which rises from a double festoon of shamrocks and roses.

HAUGH WAS INNOCENT.

A Tipperary draper's assistant named Michael Haugh was charged with intimidating a women named Conroy, an employe of Mr. Smith-Barry, from dealing with certain shopkeepers in Tipperary. Evidence was given by Mary Conroy and others, and the case was dismissed.

RECEIVED MARCHING ORDERS.

The remaining tenants on the Ponsonby estate, numbering about twenty, have been served with summonses for possession of their holdings, of which they were recently made caretakers under the 7th section of the land act of 1887.

ONLY "A FRIEND'S ADVICE."

At a coercion court, before Messrs. Shannon and Bruce, R. M's, a young girl named Johanna Cleary was charged with using intimidation towards Ellen Bourke to prevent her from dealing with a shopkeeper named Ellen Driscoll. A policeman named Stacey stated that he heard the defendant say to Mrs. Bourke when she came out of Mrs. Driscoll's shop that she ought not to go in there as it was a boycotted shop. Mrs. Bourk stated that she and defendant were good friends, and that she was surprised to see defendant arrested. Defendant was bound to enter into recognizances to be of good behavior. The charges of Messrs Ryan and Dwyer were then taken up, and after some evidence had been taken further adjourned.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mushrooms are very scarce in Ireland this year.

A Broadford correspondent states that a young man named Long, a farmer's son, while riding at Fohonagh, was thrown from his horse and killed.

During the past week the following foreign steamers have arrived at this port, and are now discharging at the quays: Drammenseren, Norwegian, deals; Fernbrook, British, maize; Mark Lane, British, wheat; Widderington, British, maize; Gaetanin, Italian, maize. It is quite a novelty to see so many strange steamers discharging cargo here, and it speaks well for the growing trade of the port.—*Waterford Citizen.*

LEINSTER.

TO DELIVER A SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell will visit Ireland about the middle of September, and will probably deliver an important speech in Dublin. It is proposed to entertain the Irish delegates to America at a banquet on the eve of their departure, and Mr. Parnell will probably be present to speak at this gathering.

THE WILL OF THE LATE MR. JAMES W. MURLAND, J. P.

The will of the late Mr. James W. Murland, J. P., of Nutley, county Dublin, chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company, and of the Royal Bank, and vice-chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway, was admitted to probate on June 19. The assets of the deceased have been certified at close on £100,000.

THE PARNELL DEFENSE FUND.

A circular, issued for private circulation only among the subscribers to the Parnell commission defense fund, was published recently. It shows that the total subscriptions amount to £43,000, of which Ireland contributed £28,060.

ATHLONE UNION.

In consequence of the local government board having refused to sanction the election of Mr. Peter Keogh, of Taughmaconnell, an evicted tenant farmer, as master of the Athlone Union, a new election was deemed necessary. At the weekly meeting of the board of guardians, Mr. D. J. Kelly (chairman) presiding, Mr. Keogh was again elected without opposition. Mr. Keogh took over the charge of the workhouse.

A BOLD DESERTER ESCAPES.

An exciting chase took place after a deserter from the Dublin Fusiliers. The man was detained in the guardroom at Ship street barracks, awaiting investigation of his case on a charge of desertion, when suddenly he rushed through the guard, and made good his escape through some back streets. He was followed by several members of the guard, but all efforts to effect the arrest of the fugitive were fruitless.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

A dreadful accident occurred in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines. A painter named James Jennett, who resides at Hoey's court, near Werburgh street, while engaged in painting near the roof, fell to the floor of the church. The injuries he received were so serious that death resulted in a very short time.

SHOT HIM IN THE LEG.

At the Durrow (Queen's county) petty sessions John Powell, a small farmer, was returned for trial, bail being accepted, on a charge of having fired at and wounded James Boyce, a gamekeeper, in the employment of Lord Castletown. The gamekeeper caught the accused trespassing with a gun and threatened to bring a prosecution. Boyce then left, and when a couple of yards away a shot was fired, which took effect in his leg.

DANGEROUS SPORT.

The new ambulance room at Baldoyle is the most perfect apartment of its kind. It was fitted under the direction of Surgeon McArdle, whose able services will be available in the event of any accident at the races.

BOY DROWNED AT WEXFORD.

John Irwin, aged 14 son of the master of the Wexford workhouse, was drowned while bathing in the Slaney, near Wexford.

DROWNING FATALITY AT WICKLOW.

Father Johnson, from Manchester, who is staying at Wicklow, went out in a small yacht, accompanied by a youth of 16 years named Byrne. When about three quarters of a mile off land a squall came on, and the yacht was capsized. Father Johnson towards the shore till picked up by a skiff, but the boy having been caught in the sails of the yacht, was drowned.

PETER GOT HIS DECREES.

At Newbridge petty sessions Peter de Penthony Kelly summoned Patrick Hannon and Patrick McGrath for possession of a house and lands at Clongorey. A decree was given in each case.

"THE GRIP" IN IRELAND.

Some interesting details of the course of the influenza epidemic in Ireland are given in the annual report of the local government board for Ireland just published. Among these is a particular statement regarding the effects of the epidemic on the lower animals. Diseases among them either preceded or accompanied influenza in human beings in nearly all parts of Ireland. In the province of Ulster horses and dogs were affected in the county of Antrim, Armagh, Cavan and Londonderry; horses only in Down, Fermanagh and Monaghan, and dogs only in the county of Donegal. In Munster horses and dogs were effected in the counties of Clare and Kerry; horses, dogs and cats in the county of Cork; horses, dogs and horned cattle in the county of Limerick, and horses only in the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. In Leinster horses and dogs were affected in the counties of Carlow, Kildare and Louth; horses and horned cattle in the county of Dublin; poultry and cats in the county of Westmeath; dogs and cats in the county of Wexford, and horses only in the counties of King's, Longford, Meath, Queen's and Wicklow. In Connaught horses and dogs were affected in the county of Roscommon; horses only in the counties of Galway and Mayo, and dogs only in the county of Leitrim.

THREE EDITORS IN TULLAMORE JAIL.

Dr. Moorhead, J. P., Tullamore, states that Mr. J. McEnery, editor of the Limerick *Leader*, and Mr. Jasper Tully, of the Roscommon *Herald*, are both in excellent health and spirits. Mr. John Powell, editor of the Midland *Tribune*, arrived at the gaol recently.

ELECTION OF BOYNE COMMISSIONERS AT DROGHEDA.

The election of Boyne commissioners took place in the Tholsel, under the presidency of the mayor, Mr. Jordan, assisted by Mr. P. Dowdall, clerk of the Union, and Mr. John McNamara, secretary of the Harbor commissioners. The following were unanimously elected: Messrs. Thos. H. Simcocks, veterinary surgeon, New Quay; Thomas Long, master mariner, Chord road; Peter Lyons, merchant, West street; Nicholas Farrell, merchant, Peter street; J. McQuillan, merchant, George's street; John Downey, merchant, Magdalene street; Patrick Gorman, merchant, Peter street; James Weldon, merchant, Shop street; Robert P. Daly, J. P.

CONNAUGHT.

AN EDITOR MAKING SACKS.

Dr. Fitzgerald asked the Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland with reference to the treatment of Mr. Jasper Tully, editor of the Roscommon *Herald*, now a prisoner in Roscommon jail, if he could state what was the sentence imposed upon Mr. Jasper Tully; is he aware that he is engaged in the labor of sack making, and that his hands are full of sores; that he has lost two stone in weight during the two months he has been in prison, and that he is now suffering from an attack of diarrhœa, and, if so, why is he not placed under hospital treatment; and, if the sentence did not include hard labor, why is the work of sack-making imposed on the prisoner? The Attorney-General for Ireland stated that the prisoner was in custody under a sentence of fourteen days and three calendar months, to run concurrently, without hard labor. The facts were not correctly stated in the second part of the question. Some time after his committal to Tullamore the prisoner made sacks, although he was told that he could be exempt from that that work by making certain payments. He lost eight pounds, not twenty-eight pounds, as had been stated, in weight since his committal, but he had since gained one pound. It was by his own desire that he made sacks, which he did, presumably, to pass his time. He had not suffered in the manner described in the question, and his sickness was not sufficient to render hospital treatment necessary.

ST. BRENDAN'S COLLEGE, LOUGHREA.

In last May an examination was held in the above college by the Science and Art Department, London. We are glad to see from the published list that the pupils acquitted themselves most efficiently. The following are the results:

Subject—Mathematics—First-class passes—Charles X. O'Conner, James Starr, Michael Brennan, Martin Ryan.

Second-class—John Naughton, Edward Ryan, Michael Ryan, Thomas Hynes, James Fahey, Joseph Pelly, Patrick D. Kelly, Patrick Nolan, Francis Pelly, Francis Larkin.

Subject—Principles of Agriculture—First-class—James Starr, Charles X. O'Connor.

Second-class—Hyacinth Pelly, Martin Ryan, James Spelman, Edward Ryan, Francis Larkin, John Boyle, James Fahey, Joseph Brosnan, Patrick Sweeney, Patrick Nolan, Patrick D. Kelly, Michael Brennan, William Gubbins, John Naughton, Michael Mulkern, Michael Ryan, Edgar Mills, Austin M. Toole, Thomas F. Mills, Arthur Brennan.

NEW RAILWAY.

The Loughrea and Attymon Railway is now almost completed, and it is expected the formal opening of the line will take place about the 25th of August, and the opening for public traffic on the 30th of August.

SURGEON MAJOR M'DONNELL.

Surgeon-Major McDonnell, who has been twenty years in the India Medical Service, arrived at the Railway Hotel, Galway. He is home on two years' leave of absence. Dr. McDonnell is the second son of the late Mark McDonnell, Esq., Newcastle, and brother of Anthony P. McDonnell, Esq., companion of the Star of India, Home Secretary of the Government of India. Both Dr. McDonnell and Mr. A. P. McDonnell have had most successful careers in India, and both were distinguished graduates of Queen's College. His many friends will be glad to know that Dr. McDonnell is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

THE PROVOST OF TUAM.

The Bishop of Tuam has appointed the Rev. Canon Tresnor, M.A., Rector of Ballinrobe, to the Provostship of Tuam, vacant by the promotion of the Very Rev. A. Tait, D.D., to the Archdeaconry.

MR. THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, T. C, GALWAY, RELEASED AND RE-ARRESTED.

Mr. Thomas O'Sullivan, T.C, was released from Tullamore prison recently. He put in six months with hard labor on a charge of obstructing a policeman. This made his fourth term under the Coercion Act, making in all thirteen months with hard labor. The last term was almost entirely spent in Tullamore. He was again arrested under a warrant by a constable named Connell, on a charge of assault. He was brought before Mr. Mayne, R.M., and remanded to Galway jail. It is presumed he will be brought before a Coercion Court.

POTATO BLIGHT IN MAYO.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Westport Board of Guardians, Mr. P. J. Kelly presiding, the following resolution—proposed by the chairman, seconded by Mr. O'Malley—was unanimously adopted: The Westport Board of Guardians feel reluctantly obliged to draw the attention of the Local Government Board to the lamentable fact that the potato crop is seriously affected in this union by reason of the blight having made its appearance within the last two or three weeks—a state of affairs which is calculated to create feelings of alarm in the minds of the guardians as well as the rate payers in this wide and impoverished union. They beg to urge in the most earnest manner on the Government the advisability and necessity of providing employment for the people, who will be rendered destitute by the want of food or the means of providing it. The Poor Law Union of Westport embraces a third of the county Mayo. The chairman, in proposing his resolution, made special reference to the information which he had received as to the failure of the potato crop on the Island of Achill.

ULSTER.

THE ENNISKILLEN POSTMASTER.

Mr. Dillon, for Mr. William Redmond, asked the postmaster-general whether Mr. David McGaw, of Enniskillen, had been paid the £290 offered to him in settlement of his claim in May last? Sir Herbert Maxwell—No payment has been made to Mr. McGaw. When his application was laid before the lords of the treasury their lordships felt themselves unable to renew the offer of 1884, having regard to the rent received in the interval by Mr. McGaw in excess of the value of his premises and to costs thrown upon the department by his rejection of that offer. As an act of grace, however, and still denying any legal liability, they have authorized a payment to him of £100 on certain conditions, and the matter is under his consideration.

FATALITY IN A NEWRY FACTORY.

A married woman named Catherine Fitzsimmons, aged 40 years, was killed while engaged working in the carding-room of the Dromalane spinning rooms in Newry.

A NEW SOLICITOR.

Before Lord Ashbourne (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Mr. Patrick J. O'Rorke, son of the late Patrick O'Rorke, T. C., Newry, was sworn in a solicitor of her majesty's high court of judicature in Ireland.

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

Aug. 6, at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Limerick, Maurice J. J. Clarke, Nenagh, third son of the late William Clarke, Inland Revenue, Carrick-on-Suir, to Cathleen, daughter of John Ryan, Esq., Sand Mall terrace, Limerick.

Aug. 4, Mr. Charles Coll, daughter of John M. Sweeney, Esq., Rossmore, Cashel.

July 30, John, son of Patrick Quinlan, Suirmount, Clonmel, to Maggie, youngest daughter of the late T. McCoy, Clarehouse, county Limerick.

Aug. 5, Robert J. Lumley, Tullamore, to Mabel, youngest daughter of John A. Leech, of Ennis.

Aug 7, at the parish church, Booterstown, by the Rev. Richard Mullins, brother to the bride, assisted by the Very Rev. T. H. Kinane, P. P., V. G., Dean of Cashel, the Very Rev. J. Rotrel, C. SS. P., president, the Rev. N. Brennan, and the Rev. J. Neville, Blackrock college, Alexander P. Spain, National bank, Cashel, son of the late Patrick Spain, of Dublin, to Ellie, daughter of John Mullins, Cashel.

Aug. 5, at St. Mary's, Haddington road, by the Very Rev. T. Gordon, Adm, Pro-Cathdral, Marlborough street, uncle to the bride, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Lee, P. P., Very Rev. H. Gleeson, P. P., and the Rev C. L. Nevan, O. D. C., William Francis Stritch, L. R. C. S. I., L. and L. M. K. Q. C. P. I., Battersea Park road, London, to Ellen Marie (Nellie), eldest daughter of the late Patrick Ryan, St. Alban's, Northumberland road, Dublin.

On the 31st ult., by special license, at the Cathedral Church of St. Finn Barr, by the Very Rev. the dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, assisted by the Rev. James McCheane, rector of St. Paul's, Francis Hamilton Bowley, to Eva, seventh daughter of William Verling Gregg, crown solicitor, Cork.

On the 31 inst., at St. Colman's Cathedral, by the Rev. J. O'Riordan, C. C., Cloyne, D. J. O'K. Murphy, M. D., Cloyne, son of James Murphy, Esq., Waterfall, to Annie F. Dunne, daughter of the late Michael F. Dunne, Esq., of Cloyne, county Cork.

Aug. 6, at Rathaspec Church, county Wexford, by the Rev. Walter H. Brown, James Brown, of Dublin, to Elizabeth (Bessy), Jeffares, youngest daughter of the late Danby Jeffares, Esq., Monmore, county Wexford.

Aug. 4 by special license, at St. Saviour's, Dominick street, Dublin, by the Rev. C. H. Condon, O. P., Mr. Charles Coll, Londonderry, late of Australia, to Kate McSweeney, second daughter of John McSweeney, Esq., Rossmore, Cashel, county Tipperary.

Aug. 5, at Hacket's Cross Catholic Church, by the Rev. J. Clarke, P. P., assisted by the Rev. J. Connolly, C. C., Patrick Darnin, Lurgangreen, to Janie, only daughter of the late Michael Maguire, Clogher Head.

Aug. 6, at Annacurra, county Wicklow, by the Very Rev. Canon Cosgrave, P. P., Oylegate, uncle to the bride, assisted by the Rev. Canon Fortune and Rev. Francis Cosgrave, Thomas Edward, youngest son of the late William Jeffares, Esq., New Ross, to Annie, fifth daughter of the late Cornelius Cosgrave, Taylorstown, county Wexford.

Aug 5 at St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral, Edinburgh, by the Rev. W. B. McFeely, brother of the bridegroom, assisted by the Very Rev. Canon Dunlevy and the Rev. G. B. Culhane, Joseph D. McFeely, M.D., coroner for county Donegal, to Sarah, only daughter of the late John Craig, of Belfast.

At Marlborough street Cathedral, by the Rev. Nicholas Healy, C. C., Edward, son of the late James Coolican, Esq., Ballina, to Bertie Frances, daughter of the late Michael Coen, Esq., Ballina.

Aug. 6, at the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street, Dublin, by the Rev. Nicholas C. Healy, Timothy Flanagan, bank of Ireland, Castlebar, to Mary Frances (May), elder daughter of Joseph Sheridan, of Spencer Park, county of Mayo.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucuous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces, and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

A SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac" Reaches a Second Edition Within the Space of Four Months!

Complimentary Comments by the American, British and Irish Newspapers.

THE SECOND EDITION.

The success of "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux" has been almost phenomenal. Almost all of the first large edition has been disposed of, and a second edition will be issued about Sept. 15. All who desire to possess a volume, which has won the plaudits of the American, German, English, Scotch and Irish press, should give their orders at the earliest possible date. The subjoined press opinions—selected from hundreds of others—will be read with interest:

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when en trapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 600 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861 5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $3 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable.

EARTH'S SHADOW.

What spirit darkens the bloom of day?
The clovered meadow no sweetness yields;
A silence rests on the waveless fields;
The world is haggard and gaunt and gray.

The clouds drift wearily over the sky;
The grain is yellow, the hills are bare;
A heaviness broods in the quiet air;
The streamlet sobs as it passes by.

But yesterday morn the flowers were sweet,
The day was bright and the world was young;
And in the even the throstle sung,
And his song was glad and the hours were fleet.

But a misty darkness glimmers athwart
The fields today, and the hours are long;
And I hear a dirge in the throstle's song;
For the gloom is the shadow of thee, my heart.
—Chambers' Journal.

IN NORTHERN WILDS.

I was one of ten, five boys and five girls. My father, a clergyman of the English church, was grateful to Providence for having filled his quiver with ten, but I think that in reality he was more grateful they were not eleven. The problem of his life, the worry of attempting to solve which helped to bring him to his grave, was how to provide a living for us all. As he died before a single one of us was provided for, he might have saved himself much anxiety.

I was not the eldest of the family, but the second son. The oldest had been sent to one of the universities, and had followed the very glorious but impecunious profession of his father, without a "living" and without definite hope of obtaining one. I was intended for the Indian civil service; possibly the viceroyship, but the examiners at Burlington house failed to recognize my fitness for such great possibilities, therefore I determined to emigrate, and a friend of my mother's hearing of my determination secured for me, by personal interest, a berth in the Hudson's Bay company. I was duly engaged and signed a document as long as a deed of transfer, by which I bound myself to serve the company, even to the extent of defending their property with my life.

I sailed to Montreal and presenting my credentials there was soon informed that my services would be required at a post in the far north in charge of one John McIvor. There was also intrusted to my care a pair of fowls, Plymouth Rocks, with the request that I would deliver them safely into the hands of Mr. McIvor. I mention this fact seeing that these fowls played an important part in the events which I am about to relate.

On my arrival at my destination, after sleeping about forty nights under canvas, I was glad of the comfort which reigned at Fort Trial, due chiefly to the domestic energy of Mrs. McIvor, a bright, pleasant little woman, who seemed out of place in the heart of this "great lone land."

Mr. McIvor was Scotch, as his name would imply, a rough and ready man, with a heart of steel, but which on occasion could be as soft as a woman's. After reading the dispatches which I handed him he said:

"Weel, young mon, I dinna see what the likes o' you can do in a country like this. Had na ye better gae back before it is too late?"

"I won't go back, sir, unless you send me back," I answered.

"Ah, weel: boy, stay where you are. It's no always the coarsest twine that stands the biggest strain."

So I entered into my duties without another discouraging word from Mr. McIvor, who, though a perfect martinet in the matter of duty, was kindness itself in the privacy of his own house. There were two other clerks beside myself, who stayed there only during the summer, but who in the fall took charge of small trading establishments, outposts as they are called, returning to Fort Trial after the winter's hunt was over.

Like most young Englishmen I had formed my ideas of Indians on a Fenimore Cooper basis, but the noble red man fell far short of my ideal. I found him to be a selfish, ungrateful, treacherous savage, whose power for evil was luckily curtailed by his cowardice. I do not say that there are no good points in an Indian's character; we find good points in the character of a dog or a horse, but we do not set the horse or dog on a pedestal and proclaim him all that is perfect; rather we keep clear of his heels and teeth respectively until we know something of the brute's idiosyncrasies. One has to do the same with Indians. Be thoroughly on your guard until you have proved that they can be trusted, and don't trust them then. Mr. McIvor had the most supreme contempt for them—a contempt which he never tried to hide. He used to say:

"They are cowards, arrant cowards, and are afraid o' you, e'en like a dog."

It was not long after my arrival that I had a sort of adventure which gave great sport to the other clerks, and even Mr. McIvor himself would occasionally make joking allusions to it.

There was a river running about 100 yards from the store; it was deep and fairly swift. One day as I was working in the store I heard a scream which appeared to come from the river. I ran out and down to the bank, from where I saw an old woman struggling in the water; she had been fishing and her canoe had upset. There were about a dozen Indians looking on, but they only laughed and made not the slightest movement toward helping her. Indians, as a rule, are cruel to the old. They look upon them as incumbrances from which they are not sorry if an accident relieves them. I saw that this poor old thing was in distress and likely to be drowned, so I jumped into the river and swam out to her assistance, not before, however, relieving my mind by abusing soundly the men who would cheerfully have let her sink before their eyes. It was no difficult task to bring the poor old thing ashore, and when I had done so the poor creature followed me as I walked toward the house, crying in earnest tones:

"Meegwitch! meegwitch!" meaning "Thank you, thank you." But I found this very annoying, for the Indians all laughed at me in my wet clothes and at the old woman, whose clothes were also wet and very thin, as she clung to me, with her incessant "Meegwitch, meegwitch."

The chaff that I suffered from my companions was merciless. I was dubbed "The Knight Errant," "The Heroic Preserver," etc., until I grew sick of it; but to have lost my temper would only have made it worse, so I suffered in silence, and to aggravate my suffering the old woman thought it her duty to present me with every extra large fish that she caught, or if her son-in-law threw her a beaver tail or a moose nose, or any other delicacy especially prized by Indians, they were sure to find their way to my room, and each demonstration of the kind only added to the fun. After a time I began to pick up the Indian language, and as I always had a sneaking regard for the old woman, I often made use of her assistance in acquiring it. In fact we became fast friends, I cementing the friendship by gifts of a little flour, sugar or tea.

I received less chaffing in the winter, for the other clerks had long since taken their departure for their respective outposts, and I was left sole occupant of the clerks' quarters, or "clerks' house," as it was called.

It was coming on to the end of March when an event occurred which made me glad that I had pulled the old woman out of the river and treated her with some consideration, if not kindness. The two fowls which I had brought safely to their destination had fairly survived the rigor of the winter. In fact Mrs. McIvor announced one day at dinner that she had found one egg which the hen had laid. But shortly afterward there was consternation in that household. The two fowls had been found dead, and an Indian dog was quietly making a meal off one of them. The hole whereby he had effected an entrance was stopped up before he could escape, and Mr. McIvor, using his revolver, had the satisfaction of shooting the brute and pitching his body down on the frozen river.

Now it happened that this dog belonged to Match-ee-ninie, an old Indian claiming to be chief of the band, and who had the reputation of being a conjuror and a cannibal, in consequence of which the Indians all feared him and obeyed him.

He came into the store that evening and spoke to Mr. McIvor thus:

"You pay me for my dog."

"How much?" asked Mr. McIvor.

"Twenty weeg." The Hudson Bay company use at inland posts a standard for value, the name differing in different localities. A weeg equals about fifty cents.

"All right," said McIvor, "I will pay you for your dog if you pay me for my fowls."

"How much?"

"Twenty weeg."

The Indian saw that he was caught, and walked out with a muttered "Kish," meaning, "Hold on, we shall see." Next evening he again came to the store, and said: "There are bad people about; I have seen a wendigo. You pay me for my dog." (Wendigo: a spirit, a ghost, giant, something uncanny.)

"Get the wendigo to pay you," said Mr. McIvor, laughing, and again the man slunk off. Mr. McIvor knew the Indian nature well, and he said to me:

"That old fellow is up to some devilment. That's what they always do when they want to do an evil trick themselves: pretend that some one else is going to do it. We had better keep a watch on the place; he might set fire to it."

We watched that night, but nothing unusual occurred. After dinner next day, as I was endeavoring to recuperate a bit from night watching by a short snooze, I became aware of a presence, and opening my eyes saw my old woman standing over me, with her finger on her lips to enjoin silence. When she saw that I was awake she whispered hurriedly:

"Run! Indians going to kill trader, kill all white people in the store. Match-ee-ninie keep trader's wife. You good to old woman. Run!"

And the old woman, casting an anxious look at the door, hobbled away as fast as she could.

I did run, but it was to Mr. McIvor, who was at that moment walking down to the store with his wife.

I breathlessly related to Mr. McIvor as nearly as I could remember them the words of the old woman.

"There's something in it," he said, "and we must be prepared for them. Let us look for our guns. The loons mean business."

His wife, who had heard all, looked frightened, and he turned to her saying:

"Which is it, Maggie? Wi' us, or at the hoose?"

"With you, John, till the death," she answered boldly.

He gave her a look of admiration and affection, and hastily rose to collect and load our arms.

But we were too late: while we were talking in the office the store had silently filled with Indians, their faces sinister and threatening as they stood ranged up against the high counter. So intent had we been on the discussion that we had not heard the soft tread of their moccasined feet, and there we stood, fairly caught, face to face with death.

It is hard to remember what passed through my mind at that moment. I think that my feelings were more those of indignation than of fear. It vexed me to think of death at the hands of those brutes, an inglorious death, of which but a passing notice might appear in some newspaper, or, what was more likely, no notice at all, for the Hudson's Bay company have never cared to publish abroad such little mishaps as these. How different, I thought, would it have been if I were in the army. Then if I had to die my name would be mentioned with pride by my family as well as with regret, and possibly my portrait might appear in The Illustrated London News. So dear to humanity is the praise it receives when no longer alive to hear it, when the pleasure of the praise is but in the anticipation alone.

I watched Mr. McIvor with a certain amount of curiosity, not unmixed with hope, to see what he would do. He did not hesitate a moment, but drawing his wife to his side and putting his arm around her waist he said:

"You have come, I believe, to kill me?"

"Yes," answered Match-ee-ninie, "to kill you as you killed my dog."

"All right," answered Mr. McIvor coolly; "but surely we may as well take a smoke before you kill."

Whether the Indians were swayed by the force of a superior will, or whether they were themselves glad to put off a tragedy which they had pledged themselves to perform, I cannot say; but they cheerfully complied with the request, and each producing his pipe leisurely filled it and commenced to smoke, as if they had come there for nothing else. In the meanwhile Mr. McIvor had quietly drawn toward him a small keg of gunpowder containing about twenty-five pounds. He deftly removed the head; then taking a candle and lighting it with the same match with which he lit his pipe he thrust it down into the powder to within two inches of the flame. So quietly had he done this that the Indians, who were at the moment engaged in lighting their pipes, did not notice it. It was a solemn kind of a smoke. Not another word was spoken on either side. The only thing that woke the dead silence was the occasional "puff, puff" of a pipe that would not draw. I watched the candle with a kind of fascination and saw an inch burn away. I was fearful lest a spark should drop from it, and thus rob us of our full two inches of life; but the candle burned steadily on.

There was but half an inch left.

I remember that I wondered if the plovers had begun to make their nests in the marshes at home; if my brother Charley had come home for the Easter holidays, and if he would know where the migle thrush always built her nest in the big elm tree; but my reveries were broken by a movement among the Indians and a muttered "non-gom," meaning now.

Match-ee-ninie arose and with him all the rest of the Indians, with their guns in their hands. Mr. McIvor, who was watching them, made a movement toward the candle in the gunpowder. The movement attracted the attention of the Indians, and they now for the first time comprehended the situation. A minute later there was not an Indian in the store. They had gone out as silently and suddenly as they had come in, leaving us in sole possession, but with the candle burning dangerously near the powder. Mr. McIvor now carefully approached the keg, and with a steady hand raised the candle from its dangerous candlestick. Not one moment too soon, for scarcely had he lifted it clear off the keg when the few grains of powder which had adhered to it came in contact with the flame and were ignited; but we were saved.

The sudden revulsion of feeling took the strength completely out of my legs, and I sat down helplessly on a box, until the voice of Mr. McIvor ordering me to shut the door and lock it recalled me to my senses. Mrs. McIvor clasped her husband around the neck and kissed him passionately. He was not unmoved for the moment; but suddenly he burst out laughing, and said in his broadest Scotch:

"Did ye see the look o' the auld diel when he caught sight o' the candle i' the pouther, Maggie?" But Maggie did not hear him; she had fainted, and the man who had been cheerfully looking death in the face for the last half hour now became as frightened as a child when he saw his wife in a fainting fit. "Will she come around, dy'e think?" he asked in a tone of intense anxiety. There was no need to answer him, for Mrs. McIvor answered the question herself by sitting up and bursting into tears.

For some time afterward we lived prepared for a siege, but the Indians never made sign again of attempting to injure us; in fact they became mighty civil, and in the spring, when communication by water had been re-established, we had no difficulty in securing our friend Match-ee-ninie, who was safely transported to the far west, where he soon pined away and died. Of the old woman who had done us such service I could gather but little information. I never saw her again; she had completely disappeared. It was whispered that Match-ee-ninie, having found out that she had warned us, quietly made away with her, so that practically she gave her life for mine. Can it therefore be wondered at that I prize her memory, especially as in her I have found through long experience the one solitary exception to the treacherous ingratitude of the North American Indians?

Shortly after these events Mr. McIvor received charge of a district on the borders of civilization. Nothing would do but that I should accompany him to his new charge, and so favorably did he report of me to headquarters that I rose rapidly in the service, and ere many years had passed was in charge of a district of my own.—C. C. Carr, Buffalo Express.

A Newspaper Kleptomaniac.

There is an old, gray haired, venerable appearing gentleman who is often seen about the corridors of the Hoffman house and the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is a newspaper kleptomaniac. Just leave a paper lying on a seat and watch him. He gets up, looks about unconcernedly and soon sits down next to the paper. Carelessly he picks it up and glances through it.

After a few minutes, if no one observes him, he folds the paper carefully, puts it in his pocket, then calls for an imported Henry Clay and pays for it from a good sized wallet at the cigar stand. In the course of the evening he usually gets all the papers, then disappears.—New York Journal.

A Literary Romance.

Winks—I understand the woman you are going to marry has been engaged to you for ten years.

Jinks—Yes. You see I am a newspaper writer by profession, and her proud father said I could not have his daughter until I could show him my name at the head of an article in some great magazine. Well, I went to work, and soon got an article accepted, but it was ten years before it was published.—Good News.

AN AGE OF ALUMINUM.

A CHICAGO MAN BELIEVES HE IS ABOUT TO CHEAPEN IT.

He Thinks It Can Be Produced for Fifteen Cents Instead of Five Dollars a Pound—Various Uses to Which the Metal Can Be Put—An Important Discovery.

Aluminum at fifteen cents a pound! Such a condition of affairs would revolutionize a hundred of the useful arts and make the Twentieth century an age of aluminum, just as the Nineteenth has been an age of iron. J. M. Hirsch, a German chemist of Chicago, says he has discovered a process by which he can extract the aluminum from common clay at a cost of fifteen cents or less for each pound. If Mr. Hirsch is right, then his secret is worth many millions of dollars.

Aluminum is the perfect metal. It is so plentiful that it composes the metallic base of the earth's crust. The soil under our feet is full of it. It is as bright as silver and it weighs only one-fourth as much—in fact, it is only two and one-half times as heavy as water. It is both malleable and ductile, and may be drawn into fine wires or beaten into sheets as thin as paper. Water does not corrode it. It does not tarnish or change color when long exposed to the air. It is not affected by any acid except hydrochloric. It is superior in lightness, strength and resistance to destructive forces to any other metal. And yet it is scarcely known to the general public and is used very little. Why? Because it costs too much to extract the metal from the tenacious grasp of the clay which contains it.

IMPORTANCE OF THE DISCOVERY.

At $5 a pound aluminum is found only in the chemical laboratories as a sort of curiosity. At fifteen cents a pound its uses would be endless. It would be employed in the manufacture of thousand of articles—from collar buttons up to freight cars. Since aluminum was discovered, fifty years ago, the one great problem in chemistry has been to cheapen the process of separating it from clay. If the Chicago chemist has solved this problem the most extravagant statement will scarcely exaggerate the far reaching results of his achievement.

Professor Joseph M. Hirsch is not a moneyless adventurer and he is not proclaiming the importance of his discovery; in fact, he is very reticent in regard to the matter. He is not after subscriptions of stock, for the entire stock of the company which he has organized has been quietly taken up by a few capitalists, except the great slice of $1,000,000 retained by the discoverer of the process.

Professor Hirsch, a studious, pleasant faced, spectacled German of 45, was found at his office.

"I have a process by which aluminum may be extracted for fifteen cents a pound," said he. "It is not a matter of supposition, but an established fact. I have already, with my small experimental apparatus, made from thirty to fifty pounds in a single day, and there is nothing to prevent the same process from being applied to secure indefinitely large amounts of the metal."

THE PROCESS A SECRET.

"Can you give some idea of your process?" was asked.

"That is my secret and I prefer to say nothing about it. I have been working with the aluminum problem since 1865, and my process is my own. I know that I can produce the metal for fifteen cents a pound. If the public does not believe this it cannot accuse me of any ulterior motive in saying so, for I do not ask anything in the way of assistance."

"Under the cheapened process to what uses can the aluminum be profitably applied?"

"Well, to freight cars, for instance. Owing to the lightness of the metal fifteen cents a pound is almost as cheap as steel, and the metal can be used for building materials, roofing and anywhere, in fact, that zinc, iron or tin can be used. The metal can be made as soft as foil or tempered harder than steel. Aluminum cutlery will be better than steel and silver, for it will not rust or tarnish. I already have an order for as many pocket knives as I can turn out. A bicycle can be made of aluminum rolled pipe that will weigh only fifteen pounds, and will be as strong as any one could wish. Water pipes made of the metal will last forever. All kinds of machinery, everything made of any metal, will be improved in appearance, efficiency and wear if made of the new metal."

Professor Hirsch has put much of his own money into the company and evinces no fear that his discovery will prove to be practicable, applied upon the largest scale.

If Chicago is soon to have cheap aluminum there is no reason why the main exhibition hall of the Columbian exposition should not be built of the bright metal, which is lighter than an equal bulk of either brick, stone, iron or glass.—Chicago News.

A Well Behaved Parrot.

A gentleman noticed a fine looking parrot on a perch in a bird store. As the bird was neither tied nor caged the gentleman at once made some inquiries. "Now, if I should buy that parrot," he said finally, "I suppose there is no danger of its running away?"

"No, sir," replied the bird fancier. "I will guarantee that parrot will stay where you put it, and won't disturb your neighbors with its chatter. It is a stuffed bird. Nice job, isn't it?"

"Good morning," said the gentleman, as he hastily left the store.—Washington Post.

A Practical Business Education.

Judge Peterby—Where is your son now?

Col. Yerger—He is with Silverstone.

Isn't that the merchant who has failed several times and been burnt out a time or so?

Yes, that's the man. I want my son to get a practical business education.—Texas Siftings.

Many men of many minds,
Many Soaps of many kinds,
Many persons ought to know,
Many Soaps are made for show.
But none are here, that stand the test
Like SANTA CLAUS,
it is THE BEST.
If you want your
WASHING,
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made easy, use SANTA CLAUS SOAP,
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MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.
THE SWALLOW
The Swallow and the Raven contended which was the finer bird. The Raven ended by saying: "Your beauty is but for the summer, but mine will stand many winters." Durability is better than show.
AND THE RAVEN.

PRINTERS' BULLS.

Some of the Queer Errors Made by the Intelligent Knights of the Case.

I will put on record some few of the many typographical errors and bulls which have come under my eye.

To begin I will cite that of a compositor who in a furniture advertisement where cradles and coffins were spoken of conjointly said they were "the apples and oranges (alpha and omega) of human life."

In Jim Fisk's palmiest days the editor of a paper on which I was employed wrote an article descriptive of a "turnout" (horses and carriage) with which Fisk was just then paralyzing New York. The learned blacksmith who set it up read the word "turnout" "tomcat," and so had it all through the article.

A clipper on The Atlanta Constitution once wrote this: "The Texas Pacific is now running out thirty miles from Texarkana." The proof sheet read: "The Texas Pacific is now shipping wintry mules from Texas races."

About the time the above was gotten off, another compositor on the same paper, in setting a take of telegraph about the Turco-Russian war, gravely announced that the "Russians had captured the Topeka Post" (for Schipka Pass).

After the death of the Emperor Napoleon the telegraph, in describing his appearance as he lay in his coffin, said that "his features are placid but careworn." The typo read the last words "can work" and so set it. The same artist on the same day spoke of the "attitude of the Brazilian goat toward the Antilles."

I have seen the abbreviation "gov't" translated "goat" innumerable times, but only once have I seen it reversed and "goat" rendered "government"—this by a man who was always looking out to avoid the first named "bull," he setting up a description of an "Angora government."

On the day that R. E. Lee died a Richmond dispatch said that "General gloom prevails." The proof had it this way: "Gen. Gloom," etc.

After Horace Greeley's death the presidential electors of Georgia, when they went to cast their votes, having no candidates to give them to, cast them in a complimentary way for different persons. The editor of the paper I was working on, in speaking of the matter, said they "scattered their votes like a coquette her smiles." Imagine his horror when this confronted him: "Scattered their votes like a cognat for miles."

Several years ago, while a noted southern author, now dead, was on a tour in Europe, in one of his letters he wrote that, after visiting a certain locality, on the next day he would go to Charing Cross. The types had it "chasing crows."

During the eastern complications, ten or twelve years ago, a certain Mahmoud Jan figured rather prominently. One night a compositor got a take of telegraph of which that name was the first word. He glanced at it, and with an imprecation on the "fool operator who don't know what month it is," he proceeded to erect it thus: "Mahmoud, Dec. 5,"—making a date line of it.

One of the finest breaks I ever saw was made by a proofreader. He came across the line:

Aye, springes to catch woodcock.

He was not up on "Hamlet," and never having seen the word "springes" of course knew there was no such. So he changed the p to a y, making it "syringes." The man who set the take was an amateur actor and perfectly familiar with the line, but the most he could effect with the proofreader was a compromise. The p was let stand, but the e had to come out, and so it went "springs."

I will close this, not for want of material so much as for fear of encroaching too much on your space, by recounting the feat of a printer who, in an article describing a mendicant, said he wore a "threadbone coat" and had on his face a "necktie flush."—Artist Printer.

Saw Too Much.

A southern planter hired a negro and put him into his field to work. After a while the planter came along and accosted the new hand:

"Did you see a coach go down the road a while ago?"

"Indeed, I did, boss. One ob de hosses was a gray hoss and de odder was a roan, and lame in his off leg."

"I thought I heard some hunters over there on the edge of the woods."

"Yes, boss. One ob dem was Col. Jones; he was the tall one. De second one was Maj. Peters and the third one was Tom McSnifter. Col. Jones had one ob dem new fangled breech loadin' guns what breaks in two."

"Did you see those wild pigeons fly over just now."

"See 'em? Guess I did! Dar was nineteen ob 'em. Dey lit in dat old corn-field down yander."

"Well, you see too much for a man that is hired by the day. Here's your wages. When I want a man to keep watch of what is going on I'll send for you."—Exchange.

Insect Oddities.

Earwigs (forficula) differ from all other insects in both their origin and structure. They are hatched from eggs like chickens. Naturalists often report of seeing the maternal earwig with her newly hatched brood crowded under her like chickens under a hen.

The smallest known insect, the Pteratomus Putnamii, a parasite of the ichneumon, is but one-ninetieth of an inch in length.

The largest insect known to the entomologist, the Erebus Strix of Linnæus, a noctuid moth of Central America, expands its wings from eleven to eighteen inches.—St. Louis Republic.

Women's heads, says a London writer on fashion, have been growing very rapidly of late. "I have seen several enormous heads within the past week. The great bunches of curls and French rolls now worn at the back of the head are anything but attractive. It is to be hoped that they will disappear before they develop into anything more serious."

A Field for the "Packer."

A new and useful employment has been developed for women which promises rapid development. This is that of professional packer. The need of this kind of service is apparent to those who witness movings and transportation of household goods, now so much more frequent than formerly, or who see the interior of women's trunks or men's valises. The cost of such helpers would be more than covered by the security and the absence of loss, provided the women were trained, competent and faithful. Moving is now a terror from the quantity of bric-a-brac accumulated, the pictures and books to be stored or transferred, the fine furniture to be provided for, the cushions and draperies to be looked after. Quantities of valuables are sacrificed simply from want of care and the impossibility of securing efficient, practical aid in such emergencies. Few people know how to pack, especially with a view to economy of space and the condition of the article when it is unpacked.—Housewife.

Antiquity of the Love for Gems.

The origin of the love for gems is lost in antiquity. We cannot go so far back but the records to which we have access bear evidence of its previous existence. Bible lore is full of it. In ancient Egypt gems were engraved in the form of scarabæi, and have been, even quite recently, disinterred from the mummy pits. Hindoo mythology overflows with wonderfully vivid descriptions of precious stones. The monarchs of the east, with their fondness for display and pomp, no doubt decorated their persons with gems long before they knew how to cut them, and they attributed, and they even now attribute, magic and talismanic properties to them. This belief is shared by almost every nation, and even the prosaic American has his pet superstition which he respects, while he may not openly acknowledge.—Sally Joy White in Ladies' Home Journal.

Greenland.

On some of the old time maps Greenland was known by a different name than the one it now bears.

During the Ninth century Gunnbjorn, a brave sea rover from Iceland, discovered "Greenland's icy mountains," and because of their glittering mantle of ice and snow he called the island Hvidsærk or White Shirt.

Some years later Eric the Red came to the island to found colonies there, and changed the name to Greenland. Perhaps on a map White Shirt might not make so dignified an appearance as Greenland, but it would not be so strikingly inappropriate to the great "inland ice," as the Danes call it—a country of glaciers and snow fields that stretches away into the shadows of the unexplored and unknown.—Youth's Companion.

Street Sweeping Machine.

A street sweeping machine has been patented by a Californian. This machine involves the novel principle of throwing the dirt upward and backward over the top of the brush into the base of the elevator, and thence carrying it directly back and discharging it into a delivery spout at the rear. The special advantage of this machine is that the elevator, being behind the brush, only one elevator is required. Side brushes and a gutter brush and power transmitting mechanisms to operate all the brushes at the proper speed are also provided, together with several adjustments of the various parts.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

POPULAR WHITE LIES.

EXCUSABLE WHOPPERS TOLD IN EVERY CIRCLE OF LIFE.

Some of the Many Fabrications Defined. Lies That Are a Business Necessity. The Ministerial Lie—The Social Fib. The Malicious Lie Is Wicked.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," "Tell the truth and shame the devil," "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and a hundred other catchy sayings, most of them plainly lies themselves, have been familiar to the world for something over a thousand years, during which time nobody ever even attempted to live up to them. True, the early martyrs suffered death "for truth's sake," as those who lived after gave out, though it has since been suspected that had they not firmly believed that the shortest and safest road to heaven lay through martyrdom the mortality would never have been so great and even might not have existed at all.

Truth has so often masqueraded in the guise of falsehood that at length she has few friends sincere enough to make themselves disliked for her sake. Does not the world readily excuse him who lies to save his own life or reputation so long as his lie does not injure another? Does not a lie told to screen a guilty person often rise to the height of a positive virtue? Indeed, perjury is expected as a matter of course from a criminal at the bar of justice, and a man who swears falsely that he is the guilty one instead of his brother, his son or his friend becomes a hero at once. What is done in a law court under solemn oath is done every day in endless variety in the world of business, society and pleasure.

LIES DEFINED.

Among the several distinct species of lies now in vogue, some of which serve to make the world run smoothly and others to cause vexation and trouble, the society lie, upon which all human intercourse is founded, is first and foremost. The ability to handle this lie partakes of the nature of a special gift, and he or she who possesses it to a marked degree is envied by the less fortunate. It is euphoniously called "tact," and it consists in making the deceived person feel at ease with himself and with others. It does not necessitate always a direct verbal falsehood, but a manner, bearing expression or implication from which but one conclusion can be drawn. A blunderer in this art is justly viewed with contempt and even suspicion.

There is the harmless lie which arises from vanity, and which nobody believes excepting, perhaps, the narrator himself. The harmless liar seeks to magnify himself by the relation of anecdotes and instances which may or may not have some slight foundation. He is neither hated nor shunned, and if he is not respected the reason is not that he is a liar, but some other defect of character.

The business lie is a necessity, a cog-wheel of trade, which everybody expects and accepts. It is so common that a special agency has long thriven merely by publishing the truth about the real standing of business houses. The fact that the agency is often wrong shows only that the well which truth inhabits is getting unusually deep.

The family lie is another common form, so firmly rooted as to withstand all attempts at removal. The laughable discussion a few years ago as to whether Santa Claus should be abolished or not will readily be called to mind.

TWO FORMS TO AVOID.

The ministerial lie, which consists mainly in a half statement of the truth, is common on Sundays. This is highly excusable; if the pastor allowed himself to stray from generalities to particular instances he would soon be preaching to empty pews, and his career of usefulness would be at an end.

The newspaper lie is to be found in any newspaper ever published. Arising as it does from a desire to afford amusement, or from partial knowledge, it is by no means blameworthy. In the latter case, which is the commoner, it is not really a lie, because, though it conveys a false impression, it is not false by the will of the promulgator.

The two forms of lying which seem really to be avoided, which bring actual condemnation from society, are the scientific lie and the malicious lie. The former is an obstinate determination to combat a newly discovered truth, which cannot but be apparent to any one who is qualified to talk at all on the subject. Unhappily, owing to the ignorance of the great mass of the people, which prevents them from forming an opinion, the scientific liar is not held in the detestation which he deserves.

The malicious lie, which is told with the intention of injuring another, is the form most commonly signified by the word. For this there is no excuse. It is and always will be the badge of a cowardly and untrustworthy character, the commonest and most convenient resort of treachery. It is detestation of this form that curiously, through a defect in the language, brings discredit upon the praiseworthy or necessary forms which differ from it essentially.

Meantime, if the devil is ashamed only when the truth is spoken, he must suffer little from the disagreeable emotion. The world is too sensible and too practical ever to prefer a truth of doubtful utility to a pleasant lie in spite of the fitful agitation to the contrary.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Socialism Spreading in Germany.

You would be astonished to see the progress which socialism has made among the rustics here in Germany. A mile below the castle is a little village in which there were sixty socialist votes at the last election. Three miles away in the opposite direction is a village of paper making mills, in which there were 800 socialist votes at the February "poll." The state church in Germany is not in touch with the masses of the people. And it never will get the masses until it takes a different attitude toward institutions and especially toward socialism.—Munich Letter.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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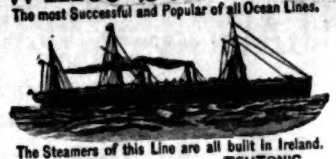

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The Teller's Window.

It is a great deal easier to understand what is being said when we have some idea of what the speaker is likely to say. Persons who are making their first visit to a bank and are unfamiliar with the directions which are apt to be given them sometimes hear very crookedly in their bewilderment.

"An' will ye tell me where is the cellar windy?" inquired a woman of one of the officials in a Boston savings bank last week.

"The cellar window! What do you want of the cellar window? There isn't any that I know of," replied the astonished gentleman.

"Well, I told the gintleman over there that I wanted ter lave my money here, an' he said, 'Take it ter the cellar windy,' an' I'm lookin' fur it now."

"Oh yes, I see, this next window here. That's the place you want," and the quick witted and experienced official pointed to the teller's window.

Not long afterward the same gentleman was approached with this inquiry: "Where is the telephone?"

"We haven't got a telephone. Perhaps, if you go"——

"But I thought there was one here! I want to put my money in it. I was told"——

"Ah yes, I see, this next window is what you are looking for," and one more depositor was safely piloted to and made acquainted with the teller's window.—Youth's Companion.

Presidential Tips.

The biggest railway official in the country that I know of told me the other night that "the porters of special cars pick up big money. Whenever a special car is used the best porter who is handy is assigned to it. This man expects and usually receives a handsome gratuity. Those who travel in special cars can afford to be liberal to the one who, for the time being, becomes a valet, or personal servant, and generally are. When Gen. Grant went anywhere the porter of the special car always got $50. He never gave less, whether the time was a day or a week, and never gave more. It was invariably a fifty dollar bill. President Arthur always gave the porter two twenty dollar notes or two twenty dollar gold pieces. He was also liberal to other minor railway officials. President Hayes used a special car pretty often. He tipped the porter $5. When Garfield traveled special the porter got only $2, and considered himself lucky to get that. Garfield was always very close about money matters. He saved money while in congress on a salary that few others were barely able to live upon."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Tea and Coffee as Narcotics.

Tea and coffee rank among the worst narcotics used by civilized peoples. Alcohol may be placed at the head of the list, tobacco next, tea and coffee next and then opium. I do not mean to say that in an individual instance the use of tea and coffee is usually to be regarded as worse than the use of opium, but that the aggregate of evil arising from the use of these narcotics is very greatly on the side of tea and coffee.

Both of them contain an alkaloid known as theine or caffeine. The substances are identical in each and the two names arise from the fact that two different chemists were making analyses about the same time, the one on tea and the other on coffee, and each gave a name to his own discovery. It is a curious coincidence that the same substance should be found in the seed of the coffee tree and in the leaves of the tea plant, the one growing in Arabia and the other in China.—Dr. J. H. Kellogg's Lecture.

Dr. Depew's Rapid Penmanship.

I remember an instance when I was at Dr. Depew's house at 7 o'clock one evening. He was to deliver one of his most important addresses that evening at 8 o'clock. He had not written a line of it. He talked leisurely with me as if there was not a thought on his mind. At 7:15 o'clock he went into his library; at 7:50 o'clock he was reading over his manuscript entirely in his own writing! In ten minutes more he was wheeling through the streets to the hall, and at 8:10 o'clock he was on his feet talking, glancing at his manuscript only three times during the entire address of forty-five minutes' duration.—Buffalo Courier.

Correct Advice.

"Charles and George have both proposed to me. I don't know which to take."

"Is George rich?"

"No. He has $1,500 a year."

"How much does he spend?"

"$1,400."

"How much has Charles?"

"$10,000 a year."

"How much does he spend?"

"$12,000."

"Take George."—Harper's Bazar.

The Pope on Smoking.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII does not consider the use of tobacco as a vice, else he would scarcely have conferred the Golden Rose on so inveterate and confirmed votaries of the weed as Queen Christina and the ex-crown princess of Brazil. Indeed there is every reason to believe that, like many other enlightened spirits, he regards the objection to cigarettes as mere smoke after all.—Paris Letter.

France's Debt to Madmen.

The counsel who defended the Russian nihilists recently sentenced in France said: "People may call them madmen. Yes, perhaps they are; but it is fortunate for us that there were similar madmen in France, for to such madmen we owe the liberty and justice that we enjoy in 1890. The present madmen dream of procuring the same blessings for their country."—Chicago Herald.

A Coincidence.

Tom—According to Stanley every pound of ivory costs the life of a man, woman or child in Africa.

Will—Strange coincidence! A pounding of ivory costs the peace of mind of many a man and woman and child in America.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

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MANAGER,

Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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P. McHUGH, ATTORNEY, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF ANN LEONARD, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Ann Leonard, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. DORATHEA LEONARD,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY J. GUERIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary J. Guerin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. JOHN GUERIN,
Executor.
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

ESTATE OF NEWRICH JONES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Newrich Jones, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, being the 20th day thereof. MARTHA JONES,
Administratrix
Dated Chicago, August 12, 1890.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

H.R.EAGLE

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Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl..... $5.98

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4 Lbs After Dinner Java Coffee for..... $1.00

TEA.

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FOOTBALL! FOOTBALL!

The postponed game between the Robert Emmet and Innisfail Clubs will be played on Sunday, Aug. 31, at Wanderers' grounds, Thirty seventh street and Indiana avenue, at 3 o'clock p. m. There will also be a tug of war, 100 yard race, putting 14-lb weight, slinging 56 lb weight between the legs, running hop, step and jump, running long jump. All lovers of athletic sports should attend these games.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of John and Patrick Dillon, who left Ireland about 30 years ago; John was a tailor by trade and worked in Enniskymoe, Ennis, County Clare, Ireland; he left for England, where he worked some years, then left England for America to join his brother Patrick, who came to America some years previous, and who, before leaving Ireland, stopped with his uncle, Thomas Hogan, Ballyvraneen, Enniskymon; when last heard of he was a merchant or foreman tailor in some part of the United States. Any information will be thankfully received by PATRICK HOGAN, Ballyvraneen, Enniskymon, County Clare, Ireland.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, Timothy Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery. (Administratrix sale of real estate).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause by said Probate Court on the 30th day of August, 1890 the undersigned, Esther Seery, Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Seery, deceased, will on Monday, the 29th day of September, 1890, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the East main entrance on Clark street of the Court House, in the City of Chicago, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title, and interest which the said Margaret Seery had at the time of her decease in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot Fourteen (14) in sub block (4) in Carter H. Harrison's subdivision of Blocks One (1) and Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nineteen (19) Township Thirty-nine (39) North Range Fourteen (14) east of the third principal meridian, with the buildings and improvements thereon, subject to an incumbrance of four hundred ($400) dollars and interest, to the said Mary Seery. No deed will be delivered until after such sale has been confirmed by the court

ESTHER SEERY, Adm'nistratrix.
Dated August 28, 1890

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,

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A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

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FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Two Bottles Cured Her.

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I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so, that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. J. PECK.

Vanished.

Rev H. McDONOUGH of Lowell, Mass., vouches for the following: There is a case of which I have knowledge, and I am very glad to avail myself of the opportunity to make known the good derived from the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The subject is a young lady, who had been suffering from early childhood. On my recommendation she procured your remedy, and for three months the fits of epilepsy by which she has been so long subject have ceased entirely.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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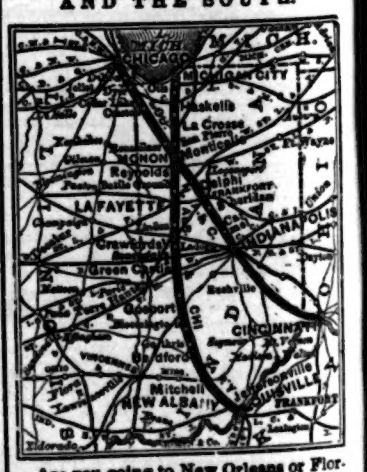

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